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RAW DEAL

TRIPLE IDENTITY

by

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and

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TRIPLE IDENTITY

FADE UP:

1. EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - MORNING 1.

Wet, grey day. Small twin engine plane taxis to a small operations building and a passenger steps out. A non-descript man in a business suit with a casual air of purpose. He walks to a waiting four door undistinctive station wagon, gets in and the car pulls away.

2. EXT. LAKE SIDE PIER - DAY 2.

A boat cuts across the choppy water and bobs to a halt at the pier. A bulky man wearing sunglasses and carrying a heavy canvas bag over three feet in length steps off the boat and waits while the craft churns away. He takes a deep, refreshing breath of the clean, moist air then starts up the pier.

3. EXT. TRACK PLATFORM/CHICAGO TRAIN STATION - DAY 3.

The train pulls into FRAME. When it stops we are staring into the grey, cold face of a grim, dangerous man. He is sitting in the window seat. He holds for a second as though uncertain this is his stop. Then he stands and moves up the aisle.

A4. INT. UNION STATION - DAY A4.

The man from the train sullenly making his unhurried way through the crowd of commuters. He pauses to look at the clock on the wall, glances evilly around at the people passing all around him and then continues toward the exit.

4. INT. THE STATION WAGON 4.

The three separate men who had arrived independently in Chicago earlier now all sit side by side in the large interior. The man who had carried the canvas bag reaches for it in the carry-all space behind the seat. The driver never takes his eyes off the road.

ANGLE:

The canvas bag opened. Power pump rifle, Uzi automatic, several heavy calibre pistols, enough ordinance for a small insurrection. Each of the three chooses his weapon, checks its breech and starts the process of loading.

5. EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY 5.

Isolated deeply in the woods. There is a Department of Forestry FIRE WATCH TOWER nearby. A man can be seen standing in the observation shed with a rifle in his hands. There is no apparent activity around the cabin, but a radio can be heard from inside.

ANGLE:

Something moving in the undergrowth, but we see nothing. There is a rustling of dead leaves, branches move, leaves shudder, but nothing.

6. INT. OBSERVATION SHED 6.

The man with the rifle is scanning the surrounding area with field glasses. His rifle is on a sling over one shoulder. He has a walkie-talkie set up on the table so he can be instantly in touch with whoever is in the cabin.

He is slowly scanning right to left, glasses to his eyes, when he is caught in the chest by two bullets that come noiselessly out of the dense woods. He is driven straight back and crumbles to the floor. Still alive he tries to crawl to the walkie-talkie. He dies before he gets there.

7. INT. THE HUNTING CABIN - DAY 7.

Two men sit at a table playing Trivial Pursuit. They have shoulder holsters over their T-shirts. By the remants of food wrappers and the litter of empty soft drink cans it is clear they have been here for some time. Another man is just coming into the room. He is younger than the other two, maybe twenty-eight. Good looking, the kind you would expect to be working for the government. A solid kid. He has a rifle in his hand. His name is BLAIR. Man #1 at the table reads a question.

MAN #1
How many times was John Wayne nominated for an Academy Award?

MAN #2
Probably not enough.

BLAIR
Marcellino's still asleep... I'm gonna relieve Ed.

Blair moves toward the front door.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED: 7.

MAN #2
How the hell can one son-of-a-bitch sleep so much?

BLAIR
Fear.

MAN #1
Long as he wakes up to testify.

Blair opens the front door and instantly takes a shotgun blast in the chest that sends him slamming backwards into the room. Still alive he fires back. The other two men are on their feet, but it's all too late. The three men have have rushed in, the Uzi and the shotgun tearing them all apart. The three men rush through the house firing through every door and wall as they go. The windows are blown out, the furniture is splintered, a heavy soot hangs in the air from debris and gun smoke. The three rush up the stairs, killing another guard as they go. Gunfire is poured through everything.

8. INT. BEDROOM 8.

A terrified man huddles against one wall dressed only in his underwear. Another guard is with him, pistol in hand, ready to defend Marcellino when the three find them. The door is barricaded.

ANGLE:

The door is battered in. The guard fires and hits one of the three. The other two kill the guard. Then everything is quiet save Marcellino's agonizing whimpers. He crushes himself against the wall anticipating the bullets that he knows will soon tear him apart. The man who had come on the train smiles for the first time. He speaks to Marcellino.

MAN
We've been lookin' for you.

Marcellino's terrified face reflected in a full length mirror on wheels. The cruel man from the train is right behind him with his gun pressed to the back of his terrified man's head.

MAN
You wanna be a witness?
Witness this.

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED: 8.

The man pulls the trigger. Marcellio's head jolts forward, blood splattered on the mirror that's partially shattered. Marcellinos's head drops from the frame. We are left with the image of the assassin staring into the bloody remants of the mirror with the smoking pistol in his hand.

9. OMITTED 9.

10. EXT. HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT 10.

State and local law enforcement vehicles are parked chaotically all around. Blue lights flashing in the night, shards of two-way radio communications rattle in the air, men moving all around, bodies being loaded in coroner's vans.

11. INT. HUNTING CABIN 11.

The lab men have brought in very bright lights which rest on iron tripods all around the room. It is a confusing scene. Blood and wreckage. One man is sitting on the floor next to the shrouded body of BLAIR. His name is HARRY RYAN.

He has been crying. His FBI identification is hanging from his lapel. Another agent approaches cautiously.

AGENT
...Harry. They wanna take him out.

Harry Ryan glances up as though he has not any idea where he is. He looks at the body, lifts the corner of the cover, glances numbly at Blair's face then lets it drop. The agent nods at the two men with the litter. They load Blair's body.

RYAN
...in twenty-seven years of this shit I never got a scratch. Jesus Christ...

Ryan almost breaks down again, but he stifles the sobs.

RYAN(con't)
(coldly)
I want a list of everybody in witness protection who knew where we were holdin' him and anybody else who could've known from the Commissioner to the D.A.

Ryan forces himself to his feet and looks at the other agent dead in the face. Ryan's eyes are red-rimmed and wet.

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11. CONTINUED: 11.

RYAN
They're dead, Mike. Whoever set this up. Whatever it takes, they're dead.

The other agent's head nods slightly. Ryan hauls himself toward the door.

12. EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY/NORTH CAROLINA - DAY 12.

A State Trooper on a motorcycle flies down the highway being pursued by a battered Jeep. The Trooper is clearly hell bent on getting away. The motorcycle makes a sudden turn off the road and slashes into the dense forest.

13. INT. THE JEEP 13.

It is driven by MARK KAMINSKI, late thirties, rigorous, powerfully built. There is an intensity about him, a lurking ruefulness, verging on the bitter which is generally only slightly buried beneath his wry exterior. He has not shaved today. He wears soiled jeans and a denium jacket.

He muscles the Jeep off the road on the tail of the trooper.

14. EXT. THE FOREST 14.

The motorcycle has already been swallowed up. The jeep plows into the woods, grunting, gobbling up the vegetation, cutting a wide path and it too is finally lost in the green madness.

15. ANGLE: EXT. UNTILLED FIELD/BARN 15.

The motorcycle cutting across an untilled field toward an abandoned, sagging barn. The rider cuts around the building.

ANGLE:

The jeep surging out of the tree line and bouncing across the field and boring RIGHT THROUGH THE OLD BARN.

16. ANGLE: EXT. DIRT ROAD 16.

The motorcycle ripping down an unpaved farming road. A TRACTOR is emerging from a field on one side. The cyclist gets by before the huge John Deere gets on the road.

ANGLE:

Kaminski's jeep bearing down on the tractor, its HORN screaming in long bursts. The jeep is forced to go off the road into the fields. A rooster tail of heavy dust

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED: 16.

rises like a cyclone off the rear. The cyclist and the jeep are running parallel courses, but Kaminski is NOT closing ground.

17. ANGLE: HIGHWAY 17.

The motorcycle roaring off the dirt road and back onto the highway. He is lengthening his lead.

The jeep comes out of the field, pulls to the entrance to the highway and stops. Kaminski looks at the motorcycle getting smaller in the distance as the road bends to the left. He rips the jeep into gear and drives directly ACROSS both lanes of the highway sending cars sliding and screeching in wild evasive action.

ANGLE:

The jeep slashing off the highway on the far side and disappearing into the heavy woods.

18. ANGLE: EXT. FOREST 18.

In the forest. The jeep driving wildly between the trees, glancing off others, bounding in and out of the depressions in the ground, Kaminski at the wheel like a madman.

19. ANGLE: HIGHWAY/DIRT ROAD AND HILL 19.

The cyclist getting off the highway again. He slows, looks back, doesn't see the jeep. He still doesn't feel secure. He starts down a dirt road. Ahead is a steep, skinned hill obviously used by cyclists for hill climbing. The trooper smiles, twists the throttle and heads for the hill.

ANGLE:

The trooper skillfully working his way up the hill, the engine of the bike screaming. Near the top the trooper looks back.

TROOPER'S POV: The jeep is nowhere to be seen.

ANGLE:

As the motorcycle reaches for the lip of the steep incline the rider looks back forward. When he does, his eyes jump out of his face.

TROOPER'S POV:

The jeep is already up the flat top of the hill and it is flying at him on a collision course.

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19. CONTINUED: 19.

ANGLE:

Kaminski slams on the brakes and slides forward, his front bumper slamming into the front wheel of the motorcycle just as it clears the rim of the hill. The bike and rider are knocked backwards, going end over end back to the bottom. The motorcycle is a total wreck and the rider is knocked senseless.

ANGLE:

The jeep at a stop with its front tires half way over the edge of the incline. Kaminski gets out and walks to the front of the vehicle. He puts one foot up on his front bumper and surveys the scene below with a steely, satisfied smile.

20. OMITTED 20.

21. EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE 21.

The jeep stops, Kaminski gets out, goes around and pulls out the trooper. We note he is now handcuffed. Kaminski shoves him toward the entrance to the building.

KAMINSKI
Inside, "Officer".

22. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 22.

A shabbily furnished office. Two deputies are there. One monitors the radio. The other is typing out a report. Their names are BOWMAN and RICE.

When Kaminski and the man in uniform enter both deputies look up.

RICE
You got the bastard.

KAMINSKI
In the act.

TROOPER
Bullshit. I was going to a costume party.

KAMINSKI
He stopped somebody over on Route 74 for driving too fast...was gonna let 'em off for fifty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED: 22.

TROOPER
They stopped me to ask directions.

KAMINSKI
And you were just charging 'em?

TROOPER
They offered.

KAMINSKI
Book him. Impersonating an officer, resisting arrest, reckless driving, reckless endangerment, fraud and... lying to the sheriff.

Kaminski gives the bogus trooper a light encouraging shove toward the deputies.

KAMINSKI(con't)
If you need me, I'll be at home.

RICE
(glancing at his watch)
Taking half a day off, Sheriff?

It's a good natured remark delivered with a smile.

KAMINSKI
(easy smile)
Thought I'd try it once...There's got to be some advantage to being the boss.

Kaminski waves and goes out the door. Rice gives the bogus trooper a light shove toward the cellblock.

RICE
Come on, Deputy Dawg.

23. EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY 23.

Kaminski driving through town. People honk and wave to him, he always responds in kind and with a smile. It's a small town, and though we sense he is used to more excitment, he has adjusted and discovered some simple values that satisfy him in this quaint environment.

A24. EXT. KAMINSKI'S HOUSE - DAY A24.

A small, immaculately maintained frame house with a neatly trimmed lawn out front. Kaminski slows his jeep and noses it into the driveway. He shuts off the engine and climbs out. He ambles toward the front door, picking up the daily paper

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A24. CONTINUED: A24.

as he goes. The door is locked. That seems to surprise him just slightly. He takes out his key and enters.

24. INT. KAMINSKI'S HOUSE - DAY 24.

He moves through the living room which is half furnished and half packed with weight lifting equipment. There is a radio on somewhere in the house. It is just loud enough to have covered his entrance had somebody been listening for him.

ANGLE:

Kaminski steps into the kitchen and returns with a beer. He looks around curiously.

KAMINSKI
(not very loud)
Elza?

There is no response. He starts down the hallway. He pauses outside the closed bedroom door. He pushes it open.

KAMINSKI'S POV: The orderly, stylishly decorated bedroom is empty.

ANGLE:

He continues along the hall. He comes to a door at the end. It is ajar. The music is coming from the other side. He pushes it lightly and it opens a couple of inches. His eyes deaden.

KAMINSKI'S POV: There are two people on the floor of an artist's studio making love. The woman is still in her artist's smock, the young muscular man is completely nude. There are pieces of sculpture all around the room on bases. Some complete, some in progress. The music comes from a portable stereo on a work table. The love making is passionate and consuming. Kaminski pulls back and pulls the door back to its original position.

ANGLE:

Kaminski turns and retraces his steps back to the living room and out the front door.

A25. INT. LOCAL BAR - DAY A25.

Kaminski sits isolated from others in the room. He is at the far end of the bar drinking a beer and a shot of tequila. There is an appropriately desperate piece of

(CONTINUED)

A25. CONTINUED: A25.

country/western music playing on the jukebox.

ANGLE:

Some of the other patrons glancing at their Sheriff and cautiously commenting to each other on the uncharacteristic nature of his behavior.

25. EXT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT 25.

Kaminski staggers out, stumbles and falls. He gets to his feet and lumbers on an indirect course to the Jeep. He gets in and starts the engine. As he roars backward across the parking lot several faces appear in the bar windows watching worriedly.

A26. INT. THE JEEP - NIGHT A26.

Kaminski is not accustomed to driving in such condition. He swerves badly, narrowly missing an oncoming car. The other driver honks angrily. Kaminski drives with his head out the window for a few seconds hoping the cool air will help to clear his head. He pulls it back in. Almost instantly there are tears in his eyes. He bangs his hands on the steering wheel in anguish.

26. EXT. AN INTERSECTION - NIGHT 26.

Kaminski rolls through a red light narrowly missing a young boy on a bicycle.

A27. EXT. KAMINSKI HOUSE - NIGHT A27.

He misses the driveway, bounces over the curb and stops on the front lawn. He topples out of the driver's door and moves to the front door of the house. Now it is UNLOCKED. He turns the handle and goes in.

B27. INT. KAMINSKI HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT B27.

Kaminski walks in, slams the door and heads for the bedroom. Elza's voice rises from the back of the house.

ELZA V.O.
Mark? Where have you been?

ANGLE:

Kaminski approaching the bedroom door.

ELZA V.O.(con't)
Why don't you call when you're gonna be this late. I already ate.

(CONTINUED)

B27. CONTINUED: B27.

Kaminski kicks the door open and surges in.

C27. EXT. KAMINSKI HOUSE - NIGHT C27.

The CAMERA is outside the bedroom window.

ELZA V.O.
What's the matter? Put that down.

A chest of drawers smashes through the window and its contents scatter in the yard. Behind it everything Elza owns comes out in rapid succession. She can be seen running around naked inside. Kaminski never lays a hand on her, but everything she owns crashes through one of several windows.

ELZA V.O.
Jesus Christ! What's the matter with you?

More of her things blast through the window.

CAMERA TRACKING: Moving to the windows of her studio near the rear of the house. The light inside comes on. Kaminski begins throwing every piece of work in the joint through the windows. The lawn is littered with her artwork. And then it stops.

27. EXT. KAMINSKI HOUSE - NIGHT 27.

The lawn is covered with everything Elza owns, the windows broken, all dead silent. The front door opens, she exits carrying some of her clothing. She walks to a cab waiting at the curb. It pulls away and everything is still.

A28. INT. KAMINSKI HOUSE - DAY A28.

The CAMERA seeks about the littered interior. There are empty beer bottles everywhere. The weight lifting equipment is disarranged, toppled over, looking as though somebody tried working out when they were drunk. Everything looks gritty and dusty.

ANGLE:

Kaminski is found on the floor in the art studio amid the debris of broken statuary and more beer cans. His beard is a week long and his eyes are ringed with red. The PHONE rings. It rings several times before he finally moves.

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A28. CONTINUED: A28.

ANGLE:

Kaminski making his way to the nearest phone. It is in the bedroom. He falls across the bed and snatches it off the hook.

KAMINSKI
Yeah.

RYAN V.O.
Mark?

KAMINSKI
Who is it?

RYAN V.O.
Harry. Harry Ryan.

KAMINSKI
I can't talk, Harry...thought it was my office...

RYAN V.O.
You gotta talk, Mark. I need help.

KAMINSKI
Talk.

RYAN V.O.
Would you meet me?

KAMINSKI
You're asking a lot.

RYAN V.O.
So have you a time or two.

Kaminski considers.

28. INT. A SEMI-DARK BUNKER - DAY 28.

Several military personnel move around in the background. Kaminski and Ryan are standing in front of a television monitor looking at the video tape.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN:

On the screen is a crime commission interrogation that is underway in a governmental chamber. Seating at the witness table is SALVATOR PATROVITA, a man in his late sixities, a bulky almost corpulent man but with a thin, hard,

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28. *CONTINUED:* 28.

deeply lined face. He has a simmering arrogance, an almost disdainful confidence. He is being questioned by DANIEL FORESTER, forties, a thin intense man, middle-height, highly controlled.

FORESTER V.O.
Mr. Patrovita, you deny any sources of illicit income, any connection at all with organized crime, yet your reported income for this past year was seventy-three thousand dollars with which you somehow maintained a seven bedroom mansion here in the city, a hunting lodge in Wisconsin, a winter home at the La Costa resort in California, four Rolls-Royces that we know of and a life style that makes Ted Turner look like a derelict. Can you explain how you manage? I think it would be of particular interest to those of use on fixed incomes.

There is a light laugh from the spectators. Patrovita allows a thin smile.

PATROVITA
I got a lot of debts.

FORESTER
To whom?

PATROVITA
Friends.

FORESTER
Like Ralph Rocca and Bill Rusman?

PATROVITA
They are friends.

FORESTER
(pressing)
And business associates?

PATROVITA
I plead the fifth amendment.

Ryan's hand reaches out and punches FAST FORWARD on the VTR and the picture distorts.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
He doesn't get any better after that. That's Salvator Patrovita. He runs the strongest of the families in Chicago...He murdered his way to where he is.

Ryan punches PLAY and Forester is found interrogating a different man, RALPH ROCCA, late forties, burly, smug, vain, a tacky dresser who spends for the look including gold chains and exorbitnant watches.

ANGLE ON TV:

FORESTER V.O.
Mr. Rocca, your stated source of income is a travel agency, yet you, like Mr. Patrovita, seem to have a life style that far exceeds your income...would you shed some light on what seems to be some extraordinary money management?

ROCCA V.O.
I take the Fifth for this, what you're going to ask next and everything after that. Honest men don't have to tolerate this kind of harrassment in this country.

FORESTER V.O.
Thank you, Mr. Rocca for reminding us of our inalienable rights.

Ryan's hand reaches for the control console again. He shuts it off.

ANGLE:

Kaminski and Ryan in the eerie half light of this bunker. Lights from other kinds of equipment flicker in the shadows.

RYAN
Rocca is the undertaker...somebody bothers Patrovita and this guy puts 'em in the lake.

KAMINSKI
Okay, so we did "who's who" in Chicago. What do you want, Harry? You're in the Bureau, not me.

RYAN
You were a bad-ass cop...

KAMINSKI
New York City said I was just bad...like in lousy.

RYAN
The couple times we worked together, I thought so too.. Exceeding authority, conducting improper investigations, unauthorized methods...

KAMINSKI
(wry smile)
So I'm not a perfectionist.

RYAN
Unnecessary and excessive force... that's what I've recently come to appreciate...seems every scum you busted came in "damaged".

KAMINSKI
"Adjusted", Harry, adjusted. Get to it...what do you want?

RYAN
I wanna bring Patrovita down... and I think the Bureau way may take longer than I can wait.

KAMINSKI
You've got a lot of agents.

RYAN
I'm not lookin' for an indictment... I want him down and out.

Kaminski considers this statement.

KAMINSKI
This is a little out of character, isn't it?

RYAN
Do you remember Blair?

KAMINSKI
Your kid? Yeah. We went to a lot of ball games. How's he doin'?

RYAN
Dead.

28. CONTINUED: 28.

KAMINSKI
Patrovita?

RYAN
If you dig down deep enough.
Blair was covering a grand jury
witness that was gonna do heavy
damage to Patrovita's operation.
I was workin' the same case, but
they took me off after the shooting.
Said my personal feelings might
influence my professional conduct...

KAMINSKI
I didn't know you could be over-
motivated in this business.

RYAN
They keep me occupied night and
day shagging the other major
filth in Chicago...Martin Lamansky.
He's Patrovita's main competitor...
Mark, I've got forty-five thousand
dollars in savings...I'm gonna
finance this operation myself...
nothin' to do with the Bureau...
I want this real bad.

KAMINSKI
I'm sorry about Blair...

RYAN
There's a shit house full of
dirty money floating around
Patrovita.

KAMINSKI
You trying to motivate me?

RYAN
I heard about you and your wife...
thought you might like a reason
to get out of here.

KAMINSKI
I don't need reasons to run,
Harry. I need a reason to
wake up in the morning.

They share a sustained gaze. Ryan extends his hand and they shake.

29. EXT. THE BUNKER - DAY 29.

Kaminski and Ryan walk out into a tremendous roar of rocket and small arms fire. They are at the firing range at CAMP LEJEUNE. There are weapons of all sizes and caliber being fired down the range. The barrage is merciless, unending. The two men walk along side by side not paying any particular attention to it.

RYAN
I suggest before you start this you die.

KAMINSKI
Why?

RYAN
You can't go up there as Sheriff Kaminski. I'll get you a fresh I.D. But if somebody gets the idea they know you from somewhere, it would be best if "Mark Kaminski" were officially dead.

They walk out with shells and small arms erupting all around them.

30. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD OUTSIDE CAROLINA TOWN - NIGHT 30.

Kaminski pilots his Sheriff's car down the street, flicks a switch, picks up the radio-telephone receiver, speaks into it.

KAMINSKI
(into the radio phone)
Kaminski here. Investigating a prowler or trespasser at the Petrochem Storage Yard.

He replaces the radio phone in its cradle, switches off, presses down on the accelerator.

31. EXT. PETROCHEM STORAGE YARD - NIGHT 31.

A small petroleum storage complex consisting of three thirty foot high storage tanks connected by an intricate webbing of pipes, valves, ducts, cables and wiring. It is surrounded by a padlocked chain-link metal gate and fence.

Kaminski's car arrives, stops at the gate. Kaminski breaks the lock open with a crowbar and pincers, opens the gate.

Kaminski steps off into the dark and removes a tarpaulin covering something that is half-buried near the fence.

(CONTINUED)

31. CONTINUED: 31.

It's a MOTORCYCLE. He wheels it over and stands it beside the gate, then drives his sheriff's car inside the complex.

32. ANOTHER ANGLE: EXT. INSIDE PETROCHEM STORAGE YARD - NIGHT 32.

Kaminski parks the car next to a storage tank, gets out, examines the piping, finds a valve, opens it. A stream of gasoline flows from the valve, collects in a puddle on the ground, widening and expanding as the gasoline continues to stream down.

Kaminski turns, walks back to the motorcycle, gets on, drives it about a hundred yards away, takes a rifle clipped to the frame, aims through the scope gunsight at the gas tank of the car, fires.

33. KAMINSKI'S POV - CAR AND PETROCHEM STORAGE COMPLEX

The car bursts into flame, igniting the pool of gasoline. An instant later the storage tank explodes with a thunderous blast, followed by detonations from the other two storage tanks.

Kaminski on his motorcycle coming right at the CAMERA, the huge flaming inferno at his back. ZOOM in, Kaminski comes at us and thru FRAME and the entire view is swallowed up in the flame and we DISSOLVE:

34. INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 34.

CLOSE UP: Kaminski looking in the mirror applying a dye to his hair. In the b.g. Ryan's voice is heard giving Kaminski his instructions.

RYAN V.O.
...the first envelope has your new I.D... Joseph P. Bauer...it will be on the NCIC computer with fingerprints and an impressive rap sheet.

The CAMERA moves to reveal a TAPE RECORDER sitting on the commode tank. This is the source of Ryan's instructions.

RYAN V.O.(con't)
There's twenty-five thousand in cash for expenses and a phone number to an answering machine in a safe house where you can leave messages.

The CAMERA moves out of the bathroom to the wall of the unpleasant motel room. Kaminski, now JOEY BAUER, has

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34. CONTINUED: 34.

taped the pictures of the various "family" members in a single line.

RYAN V.O.(cont)
...these guys aren't going to take you in easy. I hope you can be as convincing a felon as I think you can...

The CAMERA holds on the face of Patrovita.

RYAN V.O.(cont)
Patrovita has had things pretty much his way for a long time... now one of his ex-employees... my man Lamansky, is chipping away at the pie...

35. EXT. CHEAP, SHABBY MOTEL - NIGHT 35.

It is a roadside motel in the middle of nowhere off the side of a two lane highway. Kaminski, now JOEY BAUER, comes out of the peeling door of his fetid room and stops.

RYAN V.O.(cont)
...knockin' hell out of some of his enterprises might catch Patrovita's eye. There is a list of Lamansky's joints in the material...I also want the leak, Mark. The cop, the guy in justice or the commissioner's office that gave away the safe house and got Blair killed...I want him... see you Chicago...knock 'em dead, kid.

He takes a moment to consider his new identity then steps to his motorcycle, ties his bag to the back, steps on, kicks it over and roars up the highway toward the city of Chicago.

36. INT. PORN THEATRE - NIGHT 36.

The stern face of Salvator Patrovita moving through an eerie, half-light toward the CAMERA.

ANGLE:

To reveal Patrovita, Rocca and two bodyguards moving sullenly down the aisle of a tawdry porn theatre.

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36. CONTINUED: 36.

They are walking down the aisle toward the front row. The lights are low, the movie screen is blank. It's a small, dirty theatre. There are three men waiting at the foot of the aisle. One is MARTIN LAMANSKY, the other two are his bodyguards. Patrovita stops in front of Lamansky. There are no hand shakes.

LAMANSKY
Closing the joint for this talk is costing me a few bucks.

ROCCA
(hostile)
You open it again, it's gonna cost you everything.

PATROVITA
I'm giving you the courtesy of this talk because you worked for me a long time. Close down everything and get out or one morning you're gonna wake up dead.

LAMANSKY
Sal, I've got employees, obligations...there's plenty for both of us.

PATROVITA
There's no "both of us". There's just me. You got two days.

LAMANSKY
Then what? Back to work for you?

PATROVITA
You don't work around here anymore for me or anybody.

Patrovita and his escorts turn and head back up the aisle. Lamansky stares coldly after them. Then he nods to one of his men who then quietly moves for the side door at the front of the theatre.

37. EXT. PORN THEATRE - NIGHT 37.

Patrovita and his men come out of the lobby, pass the lurid pictures in the glass cases, around the ticket booth and move toward the black limo at the curb, motor running. They get in and the car rolls forward.

38. ANGLE: EXT STREET CORNER 38.

As the limo reaches the corner a car suddenly pulls out in front of it, blocking the way. An Econoline van pulls up beside the limo, the freight door on the side is thrown up from the inside revealing two men standing, legs spread for balance, automatic rifles in their hands. They open up with a torrent of fire into the side of the limo.

39. INT. THE LIMO 39.

Everybody is scrambling around. Rocca pushes Patrovita to the floor. The windows are BULLETPROOF. The slugs impact the glass and leave mushroom shaped indentations. The noise is horrendous. Slugs ripping into the metal sides.

ROCCA
(to driver)
GET US OUTA HERE!

The driver is frantically backing up.

One of the bodyguards rips out his pistol and lowers the window slightly to return the fire. He catches a bullet right between the eyes and falls dead on the floor.

PATROVITA
(from the floor)
CLOSE THE FUCKING WINDOW!

Several more bullets whine through the interior before the window is back in place. Nobody else is hit.

40. EXT. THE STREET 40.

The limo backing up at high speed with the van tracking alongside pouring gunfire at it. The limo driver throws the long car into a tight 180° turn, slamming into the van. One of the riflemen is tossed out into the street, the van is knocked sideways, the limo comes out of the turn facing in the opposite direction and races away.

41. INT. LIMO 41.

Patrovita is angry and shaken. He sits back up on the seat. He pulls his feet away from the bloody dead man on the floor.

PATROVITA
Who the hell does that son-of-a-bitch think he is, huh? Tell me! He thinks he can take me out

(CONTINUED)

41. CONTINUED: 41.

PATROVITA(cont)
just like this? He's crazy!
Out of his head!

ROCCA
He's dead.

PATROVITA
The first time he looks the
other way.
(pointing at the body)
Tony was a good boy...dump him.

Patrovita turns his head and looks at the bullet spattered windows then angrily slams his fist against the glass.

42. INT. BETTING PARLOR 42.

TIGHT SHOT: BED OF THE CRAP TABLE

The dice roll and the stickman takes them away after they come up SEVEN.

STICKMAN V.O.
Seven, you lose. Coming
out a new number.

BAUER V.O.
I don't think the table's
straight.

ANGLE:

The entire room. A working class backroom casino. Several poker tables, two crap tables, a short bar, betting windows and an enormous TV screen displaying the races from Aqueduct.

STICKMAN
Pal, losers never think a
table is straight.

Bauer removes a pair of BALL BEARINGS from his pocket and rolls them down the table. The system of MAGNETS on the underside of the table bed cause them to take erratic courses.

BAUER
Sometimes they're right.

Bauer grabs the table and heaves it over on its side. Chaos.

(CONTINUED)

42. CONTINUED: 42.

STICKMAN
(shouting)
RUDY!

Several bouncer types show up from various parts of the room. The gamblers panic. Bauer hits the stickman and knocks him into the wall. The three bouncers wade in swinging. Bauer is terribly quick and deft. He hits one, knocking him back, grabs another and rams him into the bar. The bartender takes a swing at Bauer with the club. He misses. Bauer yanks him across the bar, relieves him of the club and tosses the man out of the window.

43. EXT. OUTSIDE BUILDING/BETTING PARLOR 43.

Men and women running down the street in panic. Others scrambling into their cars along the curb and racing away.

44. INT. BETTING PARLOR 44.

Bauer turns the club loose on everything in the room. Patrons run for the door. Bauer smashes everything and continues knocking the hell out of the three security men each time they get to their feet and come at him again. He is turning the place to rubble. He sails the poker tables across the room, chips flying everywhere. One player drunkenly staggers around the room collecting all the loose money and chips he can stuff in his pockets. He is almost flattened half a dozen times. One man goes for a gun. The club in Bauer's hand comes down hard on his wrist. Bauer hits him with his fist, knocking him flopping. Finally all four men are dazed and helpless on the floor. Bauer stands over them.

BAUER
You guys clean the place up before you knock off.

Bauer turns and walks across the room and out the door. The men struggle to regain their senses. They urge themselves painfully to their feet. Rudy finds the gun on the floor. He checks to be sure it's loaded.

RUDY
I'm gonna kill that bastard.

The others follow as Rudy goes for the door.

(CONTINUED)

45. INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 45.

This is the front half of the building that houses the betting parlor. It is after hours. Only a couple of low watt lights are on for clean up. Rudy and his men storm through the dining area headed for the front door.

ANGLE:

Rudy and his men halfway across the room when blinding headlights pour through the front windows.

RUDY
Oh, shit!

They turn and run back.

46. EXT. THE STREET 46.

Bauer up in the cab of an enormous Peterbilt tractor. He guns the engine, pops the clutch and drives through the front of the building.

47. INT. THE BUILDING 47.

The tractor crushing through the dining room. A dazed custodian diving for safety. Furniture being "eaten" by this monster. The truck bashes through the rear wall into the betting parlor.

ANGLE:

Rudy and his cohorts screaming and running, scattering, slipping in all the debris from the fight. They all barely avoid being hit as the huge tractor blows right on through and out the back wall into the night.

48. EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT (JEWELERY STORE) - DAY 48.

Lamanski's car parked in front of a chic jewelery store. The driver is at the wheel reading the newspaper.

ANGLE:

Bauer steps up on the driver's side, opens the rear door and gets in.

49. INT. LAMANSKI'S CAR

DRIVER
Pal, you've got the wrong car.

BAUER
(pointing a gun at him)
Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER
You know who it belongs to?

BAUER
A guy who's probably going to be dead before it's out of warranty.

The rear door opens on the curb side and a good looking blonde, expensively dressed leans down to get in and is startled to see Bauer.

WOMAN
What're you doin' in here?

Bauer grabs her by the front of her outfit and yanks her inside.

BAUER
Waiting for you.

He pulls the door shut and barks at the driver.

BAUER
Drive.

The driver moves the car away from the curb.

WOMAN
What do you want?

BAUER
Take all your jewelery off.

WOMAN
You know who bought all this stuff?

BAUER
Martin Lamansky. He's got good taste in jewels and you've got rotten taste in men.

He holds out his hand patiently.

BAUER(cont)
(coldly)
I'll mess your hair.

She starts taking all her jewelery and putting it in his hand.

50. EXT. SOO-LINE WAREHOUSE - DAY 50.

It is deserted except for the black Cadillac. When the car pulls away it reveals the driver and the woman standing there in this vast empty lot. Bauer drives across the lot and out the exit.

51. EXT. HOTEL/CLUB 51 - NIGHT 51.

It is a fine hotel and Club 51 is in the basement. The doorman outside is well uniformed and the people who traffic this establishment are by and large of means.

Bauer approaches the front of the building on foot. The doorman nods to him. Bauer stops for a second, looks the place over, sets his shoulders and walks in.

52. INT/EXT ELEVATOR - NIGHT 52.

Bauer pushes the elevator call button. A second later the doors open. There is an operator standing at the control panel. Bauer steps in.

BAUER
Down.

OPERATOR
There is no "down".

Bauer opens his jacket to demonstrate his genial nature.

BAUER
I'm not a cop. I'm a player.

With his free hand he holds a hundred dollar bill in front of the operator's face. There is a moment's hesitation. The doors start to close and through the last bit of shrinking gap the hundred dollars can be seen being taken by the operator.

53. INT. CLUB 51 - NIGHT 53.

A starkly furnished, high-tech interior with equipment you would expect in Las Vegas. Crap tables, roulette, blackjack, poker, bacarrat. The crowd is well dressed, many elegantly.

ANGLE:

Bauer enters and stands in the door for a second sizing the place up. He spots a large man in a tuxedo against one wall watching everything and everybody in the room. Bauer heads for him.

(CONTINUED)

53. CONTINUED: 53.

ANGLE:

Bauer coming alongside of the man.

MAN
What do you need?

BAUER
A couple minutes with Ralph Rocca.

MAN
Not possible.

BAUER
Tell him I'm the pain in Lamansky's ass.

The man in the tuxedo hesitates a second, looks Bauer over, then starts away.

MAN
Wait here.

While he waits an exquisitely beautiful woman walks past headed in the same direction as the man in the tuxedo. Her name is MONIQUE TAYLOR. Bauer smiles at her. She ignores him.

BAUER
(smiling)
...think of me sometime.

She continues without responding.

ANGLE:

The man in the tuxedo leans out of the corridor he had entered seconds before and gestures for Bauer to come along. Bauer straightens his jacket and saunters after him. The two men enter the door and disappear.

54. OMITTED 54.

55. OMITTED 55.

56. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROCCA'S OFFICE - NIGHT 56.

The two men moving single file down a corridor. They stop outside the door at the end. The man knocks. There is a whirring sound as the TV CAMERA mounted above the door scans them. Then the door opens.

ROCCA V.O.
Come in.

The door opens and they enter..

57. INT. ROCCA'S OFFICE 57.

It is an office expensively furnished. One wall is dotted with a bank of TV monitors from where security is maintained. In the room with Ralph Rocca is a thick man in his late thirties with a perpetual anger in his face. His name is MAX KUTTNER.

Bauer stops in front of the desk.

ROCCA
What's your name?

BAUER
Joseph P. Bauer...Joey.

ROCCA
And you're the pain in Lamansky's ass...wasted one of his joints...took down a couple of his bagmen...

BAUER
And this stuff came from his girlfriend.

Bauer takes the jewelery out of his jacket pocket and dumps it on the desk.

ROCCA
Why'd you bother with that?

BAUER
Intimidation. Let him know nothing's safe.

MAX
So what're you trying to prove, Fatso?

Bauer allows a thin, icy smile.

ROCCA
(introducing Max)
Joey, this is Max Kuttner... he takes care of things, all kinds of things.

There is no handshake.

BAUER
Tryin' to prove maybe you could use me.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCA
For what?

BAUER
...taking care of things, all kinds of things.

MAX
That job is filled.

ROCCA
What makes you think I'm lookin' for somebody?

BAUER
I didn't. Just thought I might get lucky.

MAX
Where you from?

BAUER
The last few years, Miami.

ROCCA
You have references?

BAUER
I'm in the computer. You've probably got a couple cops who can punch it up for you.

Rocca is sizing Bauer up.

ROCCA
How'd you know I'd be happy to see Lamansky's ass kicked?

BAUER
In Miami you can tell everything by the flow of the blow...this Lamansky is making bigger buys every week. He's gotta be bitin' into somebody's action.

Rocca is mildly impressed.

ROCCA
Go see the cashier. She'll give you $1000 in chips... enjoy yourself. Maybe you'll hear from me.

57. CONTINUED: 57.

BAUER
If you forget, I'll check back.

Bauer smiles and goes out the door with the man in the tuxedo. The door closes.

MAX
I don't believe a fuckin' word he said.

ROCCA
I know who to call. I'll get the book on him.

MAX
We don't need him.

ROCCA
If he's what he says he is, we always need guys like him.

The answer irritates Max. He heads for the door.

MAX
If he's not, he's dead.

Max goes out. Rocca smiles knowing that in fact Max would happily kill Bauer if he were lying.

58. INT. CLUB 51 - NIGHT 58.

Monique is at the bacarrat table and losing steadily. Bauer is right next to her and he is winning. She drinks liberally from the tall Scotch and water at her elbow.

BAUER
...somebody must've spent a lot of time teaching you how to lose.

MONIQUE
If you're gonna pester me, I'll have you tossed out.

BAUER
You have that kind of clout around here?

MONIQUE
They know me.

(CONTINUED)

58. CONTINUED: 58.

BAUER
I envy them.

Monique looks up at him. She doesn't smile, but her expression softens slightly.

BAUER
Maybe somebody ought to take you out while you've got something left...

MONIQUE
Don't trouble yourself over my money. I always get more.

BAUER
Getting it somewhere else might change your luck.

Bauer pushes all his chips in front of her. He gets to his feet and walks out of the casino.

59. EXT. THE HOTEL/CLUB 51 - NIGHT 59.

Bauer takes a chestful of the cool night air then turns and walks up the sidewalk.

ANGLE:

A Chicago unmarked police car across the street. There are two detectives in it. BAKER, a man in his forties, been through it all, tough, wise and a man in his late twenties, eager and tense. His name is CARSON.

ANGLE:

Once Bauer is away from the front of the hotel, three more men exit. Three thugs. DINGO, SPIKE and JESUS. Simple-minded goons. Their specialty is pain. They follow Bauer.

Bauer stops at the side of a late model car parked at the curb. He stands there seemingly just watching evening car and foot traffic.

BAUER'S POV: He is actually looking down into the right side rear view car mirror just beside him. The kind that tells you, OBJECTS IN THIS MIRROR MAY BE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR. He can see the three men loitering just a short distance behind him.

ANGLE:

Bauer moves on.

60. EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 60.

Bauer cuts into the alley. When he's walked another hundred feet, the three punks appear, entering the alley, picking up their pace, closing the distance between them and Bauer. Bauer stops, spins around, pretends alarm and fright, then turns and starts to run. The punks take after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Bauer rounds the corner of the alley, presses his back against a wall, waits, The punks come around, not expecting Bauer there.

Bauer's arm swings out, the edge of his hand chopping Dingo in the forehead. Dingo screams and goes down. Spike throws a sloppy punch and Bauer takes him out with a kick and a forearm blow. Jesus lands a punch, gets a chop in the temple in return and drops. Dingo, rising, throws himself insanely at Bauer. Another chop from Bauer and Dingo's head goes crashing against a brick wall.

Suddenly, Jesus is standing three feet away from Bauer with a switchblade knife in his hand.

A SIREN is heard--and the car with Baker and the cop slams into the alley, blocking access.

The three men who jumped Bauer turn and bolt. They jump on a chain link fence and scamper over tearing their clothes, falling to the ground on the far side. Bauer straightens up his clothes and starts strolling towards the mouth of the alley. Baker gets out to meet him. Carson draws his gun and walks back to check the alley.

BAKER
Any trouble?

BAUER
Nothing special. All these alleys probably have rats.

BAKER
Too bad more of our citizens can't take such good care of themselves.

BAUER
Then we won't need you.

BAKER
Have any I.D.?

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED: 60.

Bauer produces his wallet and flips it open and hands it to Baker.

BAKER(cont)
I saw those three walk out of the hotel right after you... anything particular or just a mugging?

BAUER
They had some trouble telling me what they wanted.

BAKER
I'll bet...
(reading)
Joseph P. Bauer...what's the "P" for?

BAUER
Pussy.

Baker smiles and hands back the wallet.

BAKER
See you around.

Baker and Carson get back in the car and pull away. Bauer starts walking again.

61. OMIT 61.

62. OMIT 62.

63. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING 63.

The street is quiet. The homes are all neat and more costly than your average working class neighborhood. Then from both directions, noiselessly, half a dozen unmarked police cars roll up, stop without bothering to pull to the curb, and a total of twelve cops pile out without making a sound. All communication is with hand signals. They are all wearing bright yellow flak vests over their shirts that have POLICE stenciled in large letters on the back. They are very heavily armed. Baker is in charge. With a motion of his hand he has them surround the house and prepare to enter.

ANGLE:

Baker and another man move right up to the front door. Baker has a gun in one hand and a walkie-talkie in the other. The man with him holds a heavy iron battering ram.

(CONTINUED)

63. CONTINUED: 63.

Baker glances around, sucks in a deep breath, puts the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

BAKER
(into walkie-talkie)
Showtime.

64. INT. THE HOUSE 64.

There are table in the living room where heroin is being cut and bagged. Four men sit at the table. They are weary from the night's work. The security men are the same three who jumped Bauer in the alley.

With a series of loud crashes, cops come through seemingly every window and door. The battering ram rips the front door latch loose and Baker pops in, gun held at shoulder height.

ANGLE:

Dingo starts to go for the automatic rifle on the table.

BAKER
DO IT!

Dingo stops. Not a shot was fired. Cops begin shoving other bleary-eyed felons from where they had been sleeping in other rooms.

DINGO
You got a paper?

Baker holds out the warrant.

BAKER
I got the warrant, you got your rights and Patrovita is gonna have a fuckin' stroke.

ANGLE:

Leaning against one wall is an assortment of automatic and semi-automatic weapons.

ANGLE:

In one corner and on top of an eight foot work table is an eye-popping quantity of MONEY. Currency in denominations from one dollar to a hundred in piles like so much hay. Bills crumpled and dirty heaped like a static wave. A couple men were sorting, stacking and binding the bills when the cops busted in.

(CONTINUED)

64. CONTINUED: 64.

ANGLE:

Baker and the other cops looking at the staggering sum of money with their jaws hung slack.

BAKER
...call the President. I think we fixed the deficit.

They all just stare at the mountain of money.

65. OMIT 65.

66. INT. PATROVITA'S OFFICE - DAY 66.

Radiating wealth, a high tech roost with dramatic and stark qualities. Natural light pours through the raked glass panel ceiling.

PATROVITA
What the hell's the matter with you? How long you been using that house?

ROCCA
Just the last couple months.

PATROVITA
Too long!

ROCCA
We were gettin' out of there as soon as we moved this load.

PATROVITA
What's the damage?

ROCCA
Cash...a little over twenty million.

PATROVITA
Merchandise?

Rocca is nervous.

ROCCA
...we hadn't dropped any of it. They got it all.

PATROVITA
That's a hundred million dollars on the street.

(CONTINUED)

66. CONTINUED: 66.

ROCCA
We can replace it in a couple weeks.

PATROVITA
This is just what Lamansky needed. If he's got a lot of shit on hand he's gonna step in with bargain prices and get a big chunk of the business.

ROCCA
Why don't we just take him out?

PATROVITA
He's lookin' for it. You won't get near him now unless you want a war...nobody needs that... later....
(beat)
How many were busted?

ROCCA
...eight. Nobody pulled a trigger. They'll all make bail.

PATROVITA
Did you find a replacement for Tony?

ROCCA
I'm looking somebody over.

PATROVITA
(deliberate)
I want it back.

Rocca looks as though he hasn't heard clearly.

ROCCA
What?

PATROVITA
The twenty million, the smack. It's mine. I want it back.

ROCCA
Come on. We gonna knock over City Hall? We don't even know where they got it.

(CONTINUED)

66. CONTINUED: 66.

PATROVITA
But we got somebody who can tell us. The shit's mine, I paid for it and I want it back...and I'm going to get it.

Rocca is slightly unnerved by Patrovita's proclamation.

A67. INT. RYAN'S SAFEHOUSE ROOM - DAY A67.

An almost bare cheaply appointed room with an old metal bed. A telephone sits on a small table beside an answering machine. It is taking Bauer's message.

BAUER V.O.
...three back-busters jumped me last night. Got a feelin' Max Kuttner had something to do with it. Rocca is probably checkin' on me as I talk... you'll hear from me.

B67. INT. BAUER'S APARTMENT B67.

A rented furnished apartment with dull colors and unimaginative floor plan. However it is clean and orderly. The stereo plays symphonic music. Bauer sits in workout shorts running through some papers on the coffee table and cradling the phone between his chin and shoulder.

BAUER
...Harry, everything is moving along...apartment's okay..sort of...renting a car tomorrow... Something happened tonight that got me thinking...I could get in a spot where some cop is shooting at me. Any idea of how I oughta handle it?

67. INT. ROCCA'S OFFICE/CLUB 51 - NIGHT 67.

Rocca, Max and Bauer are in the room.

ROCCA
I got the news back on you. I'm impressed. How the hell is it you never did any time?

BAUER
I'm tricky.

(CONTINUED)

67. CONTINUED: 67.

ROCCA
Max thinks you stink from trouble. Doesn't want you around.

BAUER
(glancing at Max)
I bet he makes alot of mistakes.

MAX
None that's ever hurt me.

ROCCA
(to Bauer)
You're on. Consider yourself "temporary". And if it turns out Max is right...very temporary.

MAX
We start tomorrow.

BAUER
Nice to be one of the "family".

Bauer turns and exits.

68. EXT. THE HOTEL/CLUB 51 - NIGHT 68.

Bauer walks out and gives his claims check to the valet. While he waits for his car, Monique exits.

MONIQUE
(to the doorman)
Taxi, Sam, please.

BAUER
(to Monique)
How'd you do the other night?

MONIQUE
Your money didn't change a thing.

BAUER
Tonight?

MONIQUE
I got out with cab fare.

BAUER
Maybe you oughta find some other kind of recreation.

(CONTINUED)

68. CONTINUED: 68.

MONIQUE
Losing at tennis wouldn't make me feel any better.

BAUER
The exercise might.

The cab pulls up and Bauer leans down and hands the driver a ten dollar bill.

BAUER
(to driver)
Won't need you.

MONIQUE
We going jogging?

The valet shows up with the new Cadillac he has rented.

Bauer opens the passenger door for her. She looks at him for a long second, considers, then slides in.

69. INT. BAUER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 69.

They have just concluded a very physical bout of lovemaking. Both are near.spent. Bauer flops on his back. Then he raises his arm and extends his hand to her.

BAUER
...Joey Bauer.

Monique takes his hand and they shake lightly.

MONIQUE
...Monique Taylor.

BAUER
A pleasure...'night.

Bauer rolls over on his side and gets comfortable for sleep. Monique is a bit put off.

MONIQUE
Good night.

She lays there with her eyes wide open.

70. INT. BAUER'S LIVING ROOM - 3:00 AM 70.

Monique is sitting in a chair very close to the TV, smoking, watching an old movie with the volume very low. She is dressed in only her panties.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED: 70.

BAUER V.O.
Can't sleep?

She is startled and spins around.

MONIQUE
I don't sleep...much.

Bauer sits next to her.

BAUER
Got a lot on your mind?

MONIQUE
Listen...Max told me to get tight with you. He doesn't trust you...said he's tear up some of my I.O.U.s...

Bauer just looks at her.

MONIQUE(cont)
I was thinkin' we might really like each other and when you find this out, it'd screw it all up...so I'm telling you.

Bauer smiles.

MONIQUE(cont)
Surprized?

BAUER
Only by the honesty. Come on. I'll help you sleep.

Bauer takes her by the hand, they get up and as they start back toward the bedroom, Bauer shuts off the TV.

71. EXT. RYDER'S POOL HALL - DAY 71.

Bauer and Max climb out of their cars, look over the street and go inside.

72. *INT. RYDER'S POOL HALL - DAY* 72.

A large room full of pool tables. A rough crowd patronizes the place. There is a bar on one wall and a long line of vending machines on the other.

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED: 72.

The bartender is RYDER, a fat man with oily skin and nervous eyes. He sees Max enter. Max and Bauer walk up to the bar. Ryder is tense.

RYDER
...I called 'em to come get 'em out...he ain't showed.

MAX
Then you should've tossed 'em in the street. As long as they stand where they are, you haven't got room for our machines... right?

RYDER
I'll call him again.

Bauer walks over to the cue rack on the wall and finds a stick that feels good to him.

MAX
Tell him to bring a broom.

ANGLE:

Bauer begins smashing the glass on all the arcade machines. *He wields the stick like an axe.* Patrons are standing and watching. They are a hard bunch, not likely to cut and run. Ryder rushes out from behind the bar.

RYDER
You son-of-a-bitch! Those are my machines.

Max shoves Ryder back and the man hauls off without thinking and hits Max on the jaw. Enraged, Max pulls his gun and was a split-second from shooting him dead when the pool stick slashes into FRAME and knocks the gun away.

ANGLE:

To include Bauer.

BAUER
Max! What the hell's the matter with you?

Bauer punches Ryder driving him back halfway across the room.

72. CONTINUED: 72.

MAX
(to Bauer)
You ever do something like that again, I'll kill you.

BAUER
Like I said, you make a lot of mistakes.

Bauer turns and heads for the door. Several large, surly men stand in his way and don't seem likely to move. Bauer stops beside the pool table where their game had been going on. He turns, grabs the edge of the table and with not a great deal of effort, flips it over on its side. The men are impressed. They spread and he walks out.

73. EXT. KINKS - NIGHT 73.

A tawdry neon sign identifies the place. It is a sleezy cabaret where the audience is a cross section of all sexual perversions and the entertainment is provided by transvestities.

Max and Bauer pull up and park across from the club. They get out and move through traffic to the other side of the street. They enter.

74. INT. KINKS - NIGHT 74.

A seedy, garish room, decorated with reams of crimson rayon satin and synthetic plush. There is a room-length bar facing an equally long but narrow stage. The main sitting area consists of close to a hundred round tables matched to rickety, cheap copies of Louis XV chairs.

On stage is an array of dancers providing the full spectrum of sexuality and sexual terpsichore--a female impersonator, a go-go girl, a classic striptease dancer, a Chippendale-type male stripper and a swishy go-go boy.

The place is packed, noisy and raucous with customers and clientele both straight and otherwise--a mixture complementing the variety on stage. Many of them are trying to communicate by shout and scream over the noise level of the amplified music.

ANGLE:

Max and Bauer easing through the writhing crowd of gays and bi-sexuals. Bauer is looked over carefully by several of the varieties. Max notices somebody he seems to know. He nudges Bauer and they move off.

(CONTINUED)

74. CONTINUED: 74.

ANGLE:

A large, striking woman at the end of the bar. She operates the cash register at the service bar.

MAX
(to the woman)
Where's Metzger?

When the woman speaks we realize it is actually a man.

CASHIER
I haven't seen him.

MAX
How's business?

CASHIER
We're dying.

Max smiles and heads off toward the door leading back stage. Bauer follows.

ANGLE:

As they head away the cashier grabs the phone.

75. INT. KINKS/BACKSTAGE 75.

As Max and Bauer enter the corridor leading to the dressing room area, METZGER bolts from his office door and starts to run for the emergency exit and the end of the hall.

MAX
That's him!

Bauer makes up the distance in a couple quick strides, grabs Metzger, a thin, multi-sexual man and slams him against the door to the dressing room. The door is knocked open and the little man careens backwards into another kind of chaos.

76. INT. THE DRESSING ROOM 76.

There is one long make-up table absolutely crammed with every kind of make up concoction. Powders, paints, pencils, hair pieces, wigs, brushes, combs, the lot. There is a single long mirror on the wall in front of the table running its full length. It is ringed with small round naked lightbulbs.

(CONTINUED)

76. CONTINUED: 76.

There are eight men sitting at the table all in various stages of applying their faces. Hair pinched back, tucked in nets, some wigs on, faces partially splashed with make up dense enough to cover the dark roots of a man's beard.

Metzger turns and tries to run to the far end of the long narrow room realizing that in fact there is no escape, no way out. Wardrobe along the back wall hangs him up. Max gets to him first. The men making up panic. Max slams Metzger against the wall.

MAX
We heard you're payin' off everybody but Superman.

METZGER
Lamansky said I paid him from now on or he came back with a torch.

MAX
So you're payin' us both! I didn't know you had so much loose cash.

Max heaves Metzger up onto the makeup table and pulls out a knife. As he flicks open the blade Bauer grabs Metzger who is lying on his back, drags him the full length of it to the far end where the man's head collides with the wall. Everything is scattered and the men getting into makeup are all out the door.

BAUER
(to Metzger)
Now you pay us twice as much. Lamansky won't be around long. Pay him again and neither will you.

Bauer grabs a thick tube of RED make-up and splashes it liberally all over Metzger's face and chest. Pools of it. He twists the little man's head so he is looking into the mirror.

BAUER(con't)
That's what you'll look like dead.

(CONTINUED)

76. CONTINUED: 76.

Bauer glances at Max. They share a tense, hostile glare. Max starts towards the door. He pauses next to Metzger.

MAX
(to Metzger)
If I torch this shit-house, you'll be inside.

Max exits and after a second's hesitation, Bauer follows.

77. INT. KINKS 77.

As Max and Bauer pass the cashier, Baker and Carson appear out of the crowd.

BAUER
(to Max)
I didn't think you were this twisted.

MAX
Love a little change now and then.

BAKER
Got a call. Somebody thought there might be some trouble here...

Max's eyes turn toward the cashier who in turn looks elsewhere.

BAUER
Some of the boys were having trouble with their make-up...

Baker looks at Bauer with a spark of recognition.

BAKER
...Joseph P. Bauer. You come up in the damndest places.

BAUER
I'm learning my way around.

BAKER
You've got a good guide if you wanna know your way around the sewer.

(CONTINUED)

77. CONTINUED: 77.

Max pushes past without a word and heads for the exit. Bauer and Baker exchange a look. Then Bauer exits.

78. EXT. KINKS 78.

Bauer and Max on the sidewalk.

MAX
Where you know that cop from?

BAUER
He broke up a fight I had in an alley...the night you sent your three assholes to take me apart.

Bauer starts across the street to the car. Max follows.

79. EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY 79.

Under the powerful blades of artifical light several people spaced at considerable intervals, struggle with the complexities of the golf swing.

ANGLE:

The last man in the thin line is Lamansky. Several of his bodyguards loiter in the blotchy light in the b.g. Rudy is sitting in a folding chair just a couple feet away. Lamansky is a horrible golfer.

RUDY
...we don't have a name yet but he is definitely working for Patrovita.

LAMANSKY
I don't want his name...

Lamansky swings hard with his driver and mis-hits the ball badly.

LAMANSKY(cont)
I want his ass.

He slams the club head violently against the ground and tees up another ball.

RUDY
I'll see to it he disappears

(CONTINUED)

79. CONTINUED: 79.

LAMANSKY
(mis-hitting again)
First you bust him up real bad. Public and messy. Everybody should know what you get when you kick in my door.

Lamansky swings again, misses the ball all together, slams the club against the ground and snaps the head off.

LAMANSKY(cont)
Shit! I hate this game.

He throws the shaft out into the wasteland of battered golf balls.

80. EXT. PATROVITA MANSION - NIGHT 80.

There is a party going on inside. Music can be heard and the driveway is loaded with expensive cars. Bauer pulls up, a valet opens the passenger door and Monique gets out. Bauer eases out of his side and comes around to escort her to the front door.

BAUER
Nervous?

MONIQUE
What do I say to Max?

BAUER
Anything you want.

MONIQUE
Can I go home with you tonight?

BAUER
Max would be upset if you didn't.

They both smile and disappear inside.

81. INT. LIVING ROOM - PATROVITA'S MANSION - NIGHT 81.

The party is in full swing. The guests are animated, in high spirits. There is a long buffet table along one wall. Waiters move through the people with trays of canapes and champagne. A small combo is playing golden oldies.

Seemingly out of place, a twelve year old girl, dressed in an outlandish and tastelessly frilly party dress

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED: 81.

with her face heavily made up with lipstick and eye shadow, her hair arranged in an absurb adult coiffure, circulates through the room, receiving a great deal of attention, hugs and kisses.

Monique and Bauer enter, stand in one corner, take glasses of champagne from a passing waiter, sip, look around.

MONIQUE
You know who any of these people are?

BAUER
No. You?

MONIQUE
I've seen some of 'em at the club...I know those two guys over there.

ANGLE:

BILL RUSMAN and ABE WOLONSKI at the buffet table. They were in the string of photos Bauer had on the wall given him by Ryan.

MONIQUE V.O.(cont)
Bill Rusman and Abe Wolonski. A couple of Patrovita's ... business partners.

ANGLE:

Bauer and Monique.

BAUER
Who's that?

BAUER'S POV: The overly made-up twelve year old girl. A professional photographer is taking her picture. He will have everyone's over the course of the evening.

MONIQUE V.O.
Patrovita's granddaughter. She won second prize in the Illinois Pre-teen Beauty Pagenant. That's why we're celebrating.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE:

Bauer and Monique.

BAUER
I'll bet she'll always wonder if it was fixed.

Rocca and Max are approaching through the throng.

ROCCA
(extending hand)
Hey, Joey, I was hoping you'd make it. Hello, Monique.

Rocca leans forward and kisses her lightly on the cheek.

BAUER
Quite a party.

ROCCA
Party? This is a small gathering of the immediate family. Salvator's parties have to be outdoors. He wants to meet you.

With a movement of his head, Rocca leads the way. Bauer glances at Monique.

BAUER
I'll be back.

ANGLE:

As Rocca escorts Bauer away, Max steps in front of them in an uncharacteristically friendly manner and grabs them both around the shoulders, using his arms to turn them both toward the PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

MAX
I'm havin' so much fun, I wanna capture the moment, know what I mean?
(to the photographer)
How's this?

The photographer raises his CAMERA and squints through the viewfinder. Bauer, realizing what is about to happen, tries to turn his head to offer only limited access to his face. The FLASH fires. Rocca is mildly annoyed.

ROCCA
Max, maybe you're having too much fun...eat somethin'.

81. CONTINUED: 81.

Rocca starts away with Bauer.

MAX
(to Bauer)
I'll see to it you get a nice eight by ten...

BAUER
Keep it. I'm not sentimental.

As the two men walk off Max turns his attention to Monique standing a short distance away. He heads for her. He talks in flat, confidental sentences.

MAX
So?

MONIQUE
So what?

MAX
What do you know that I don't?

MONIQUE
Nothing. As far as I can see he's whatever he says he is.

MAX
Maybe you're not so observant.

MONIQUE
This was your idea, not mine.

MAX
You come home with me, you got no more debts. You don't want to, then you do what I tell you. He comes up trouble and you didn't say nothin', kiss your ass good-bye.

Max turns and walks away. Monique is rattled. She gulps her champagne.

82. INT. HALLWAY PATROVITA'S HOUSE 82.

Rocca and Bauer are outside the door to the study. It is closed. Rocca knocks.

PATROVITA V.O.
Come in.

They enter.

83. INT. STUDY/PATROVITA'S HOUSE 83.

Patrovita is moving about the room, a cigar in one hand, a snifter of brandy in the other. He is not in a good humor.

ROCCA
(making introductions)
Joey Bauer...Salvator Patrovita.

BAUER
It's my pleasure.

Patrovita stands halfway across the room. He doesn't smile. There is little response, only a cool, calculating scanning of this man, Bauer.

Finally Patrovita speaks.

PATROVITA
Mr. Rocca thinks you would be a worthwhile addition to our various endeavors.

BAUER
I'd like to think so.

PATROVITA
You a thinker?

BAUER
Sometimes. Not enough to get in any trouble.

PATROVITA
From what we know, you don't stay any place too long.

BAUER
If you're not part of an organization that can protect you, moving around is the next best thing.

ROCCA
He's lookin' for a home.

PATROVITA
You kill anybody, Joey?

Bauer hesitates, looking as though this is something that he might not like to reveal. Then he speaks.

BAUER
...yeah.

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED: 83.

PATROVITA
More than one?

BAUER
...three. You want names and addresses?

Patrovita does not like the sarcasm and tone. He walks to Bauer very slowly. The tension expands. He stops just inches away and looks in Bauer's face.

PATROVITA
Smart, I like. Smart ass, I don't.

Bauer understands. His head tips slightly then levels again.

PATROVITA
(allowing for a small smile)
Forget it. Go back to the party. I wanna talk to Mr. Rocca.

BAUER
Nice meeting you.

Bauer turns and exits. Rocca and Patrovita exchange a glance.

PATROVITA
I don't know. You don't let him in too far too fast... we give him a little time to impress us, if he doesn't...we use him for somethin' dirty and put him in the lake.

They smile.

84. EXT. CROWN PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT 84.

Bauer's car pulls up. He and Monique get out and the valet takes it away.

BAUER
You live here?

MONIQUE
Yeah.

BAUER
I thought you were broke.

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTINUED: 84.

MONIQUE
I am.

She walks into the lobby with Bauer right behind.

85. INT. PATROVITA'S OFFICE - MORNING 85.

A blinding display of high-tech gleam and sunlight vistas over the city and Lake Michigan. Raked glass runs ceiling to floor. At his desk Patrovita is on the phone, Rocca sits across from him.

PATROVITA
(very firm)
...we wanted to check your water heater today, sir, but the keys weren't where they were supposed to be...we couldn't do anything...if you'll tell us where the keys have been moved...we'll come back and take care of it.
(he listens)
Get back to me as quick as you can. You don't want to freeze to death in that cold water.

Patrovita slams down the phone.

PATROVITA(cont)
Little fuckin' worm.

ROCCA
What's his problem?

PATROVITA
We made him fat. We give him a million bucks for Marcellino, suddenly he's pulling back.

ROCCA
So?

PATROVITA
He'll come across. What the hell's he gonna do? Call the cops?

Patrovita laughs.

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED: 85.

ROCCA
No way I can talk you outta this?

PATROVITA
If you could I shouldn't be where I am. When we start thinkin' there's something we can't do, something's too big or too messy, then we oughta get out. This is like wrestling. It's fixed. The cops are always gonna lose... and they know it.

Patrovita lights a large, rich cigar.

86. INT. MONIQUE's SUITE/BEDROOM - MORNING 86.

Bauer and Monique are still in bed, a tray rests to one side with the remains of a brief breakfast of coffee and toast. Monique is leaning against his chest.

MONIQUE
...my husband was with Patrovita for nine years. They found him in the gravel pit with no face... this joint is sort of my pension.

BAUER
What's the gravel pit?

MONIQUE
It's just that, a gravel pit. Patrovita owns it...they take care of things out there nobody is ever supposed to know about.

BAUER
You have a family?

MONIQUE
Somewhere. We lost touch a long time ago. Where you from?

BAUER
East Germany...I was a merchant sailor. First time we sailed into New York, I jumped ship. I have family somewhere too.

MONIQUE
How'd you get into this?

(CONTINUED)

86. CONTINUED: 86.

BAUER
America is the land of opportunity. This seemed better than most.

MONIQUE
You can stay with it too long.

BAUER
Not me. When I get what I want, I'm gone.

MONIQUE
What do you want?

BAUER
I'm not sure anymore. I thought I had it once.

MONIQUE
I want a house on a few acres on the Oregon coast. Ever been out there?

BAUER
No.

They kiss lightly, then more and more intensity.

MONIQUE
I don't imagine getting serious about each other would be very smart...

BAUER
Probably not.

Bauer wraps her in his arms and they sustain a passionate kiss.

87. INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY 87.

The car is parked up the block from a neighborhood SYNAGOGUE.

MAX
He comes here early every morning. Always has the joint to himself...Like it'll do him any good.

A solitary figure exits the temple. It is Martin Lamansky. He moves quickly to his limo. There are ten men who wait by the car. They are his escort. Four ride in each of two sedans that bracket the limo. The other two ride in the big car with Lamansky.

(CONTINUED)

87. CONTINUED: 87.

BAUER
Killing somebody in church could knock the shit out of your karma.

MAX
When the time comes, we take him where we find 'em. You religious, Bauer? You talk to God?

BAUER
I lost the privilege a long time ago. Drop me at my car.

Max starts the engine.

MAX
(tense)
You got something to do?

BAUER
Yeah.

MAX
I don't. Maybe I'll come along.

BAUER
You want company? Buy a dog.

Max eyes him coldly, puts the car in gear, makes a U-turn and drives away.

88. INT. EXPENSIVE DRESS SHOP - DAY 88.

CLOSE UP: Monique smiling seductively, turning one way then the other, modeling a sexy dress for someone OFF CAMERA.

MONIQUE
Does it make you drool?

ANGLE:

The interior of a very trendy store. Monique is standing in front of a mirror, she faces Bauer who sits in a chair with his back to the windows facing out into the mall area. An anxious saleswoman loiters nearby. there are several other women in the store, browsing, being waited on, moving in and out of the changing rooms.

BAUER
Is it easy to get out of?

Monique steps over in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTINUED: 88.

MONIQUE
If I'm feeling cooperative. You like this better than the other one?

BAUER
Why don't you try it on?

MONIQUE
You don't mind sitting here?

BAUER
(softly)
No...I like it...

Something reflected in the large mirror in the b.g. catches Bauer's eye. He tenses.

MONIQUE
What's the matter?

BAUER
Nothin'. Go on. I wanna see the other one.

She kisses his face and glides away.

BAUER'S POV:

The mirror is reflecting the image of several people standing outside the store talking. One of them is a man with a bandage pasted to his forehead over one eye. He looks familiar.

ANGLE:

Bauer getting to his feet and moving over where the dresses hang so he cannot be seen from the window.

ANGLE:

The people outside turn and gesture toward the store and the man with the bandage is recognized. It is Rudy from the casino Bauer demolished. He and the man and woman he is with walk to the door of the store. Bauer turns away and watches them in the dressing room.

POV: In the mirror Bauer looks down as Rudy's eyes lightly scan the room not looking for anything in particular.

(CONTINUED)

88. CONTINUED: 88.

ANGLE:

Rudy and his friends turn and leave as though the store just didn't have anything that interested them. When they are gone, Bauer moves to the door.

89. EXT. THE STORE 89.

The store is on the second level in a huge, high-tech mall. All brass, chrome and greenery shooting to the clear ceiling in the high atrium. Bauer eases out of the door and looks for Rudy.

BAUER'S POV: Rudy and his friends have vanished. Probably gone into another shop.

ANGLE:

Bauer eases out, glances in the next shop, doesn't see them and returns to the dress shop.

90. INT. DRESS SHOP 90.

Monique is back in front of the mirror wearing a different dress.

MONIQUE
Where were you?

BAUER
Stretching.

MONIQUE
What do you think?

BAUER
Take 'em both.

MONIQUE
I can't afford 'em both.

BAUER
I can.

MONIQUE (a little cool)
You do that too easy...you always buying things for ladies?

BAUER
(kissing her)
She wasn't a lady...

(CONTINUED)

She believes him. She allows a sad, grateful smile and heads for the changing rooms. Bauer watches her go.

ANGLE:

On the hands of the saleswoman folding the two dresses and slipping them into a box with tissue.

SALESWOMAN V.O.
They look great on you.

ANGLE:

Bauer and Monique taking the box.

MONIQUE
Thanks.

SALESWOMAN
My name's Wendy. Hope we'll see you again.

Bauer and Monique are at the door when he tenses and stops.

BAUER'S POV: Rudy and three thugs are headed right at him and they have revenge written all over them.

ANGLE:

Bauer grabs Monique and pulls her back inside the store.

SALESWOMAN
That was quick. What else can I show you?

BAUER
The back door.

SALESWOMAN
There isn't any.

BAUER
Shit.

ANGLE:

Rudy and his friends fill the doorway. They stop for an instant. There are still customers all over the store.

RUDY
(to Bauer)
Outside.

90. CONTINUED: 90.

BAUER
(to the saleswoman)
This is a stickup.

SALESWOMAN
What?

RUDY
Shut up.

The four men start to advance.

BAUER
Call security.

SALESWOMAN
Are you kidding?

MONIQUE
(at the uncertain saleswoman)
DIAL, DIP-SHIT!!

Rudy moves forward, reaches out for Bauer and everything erupts in Chaos. Bauer slams him in the face with his fist. Two others come at him. Monique kicks one in the groin and goes after him with her fists. Women are screaming, clothes are being shredded, the saleswoman is screaming hysterically into the phone, "WE"RE BEING ROBBED AND BEATEN! GET UP HERE! HELP!"

ANGLE:

Half naked women rushing from the changing rooms as the fight careens to that part of the interior. Bauer is giving better than he is getting. Mirrors shatter, men fly through the air, Monique is dashing around with a piece of pipe from one of the clothing racks, helping Bauer wherever she can. The melee continues until all four men are knocked senseless.

ANGLE:

Bauer grabs Monique by the hand and pulls her toward the door. Women are still shrieking and running in every direction. Monique pulls loose and reaches back to snatch up the smashed box that contains her dresses.

MONIQUE
I'm real hard to fit!

(CONTINUED)

90. CONTINUED: 90.

BAUER
Come on!

Yanking her along behind, Bauer rushes out the door and down the broad walkway of the mall.

91. INT. CLUB 51 - NIGHT 91.

It is well after hours. There are no patrons in the half lit room. Patrovita and Rocca sit at the bar next to one another, Max is behind it fixing himself a drink, Bauer sits alone further down. In the murky light, several of the bodyguards sit at several tables smoking and talking low. They are beyond hearing range.

ROCCA
Sal, if it's possible, and I ain't so sure it is, it's gonna take alot of time to set up. Lots of planning...

PATROVITA
We get a floor plan, buy an inside man and we go. Our boy not only told me where it is, he told me they're moving it to a Federal Depository for safe keeping next Tuesday.

ROCCA
Jesus, this is crazy.

PATROVITA
(impatiently)
Ten million dollars worth of cocaine walked out of a police station in New York last week and nobody knows where the hell it is.

ROCCA
Inside work. You're walking a major fuckin' job here. This makes Brinks look like rollin' a drunk. There's fifty cops in that building any hour of the day. How you gonna get 'em outa there? Give 'em tickets to the ball game?

BAUER
(quietly)
...bomb.

(CONTINUED)

91. CONTINUED: 91.

He is barely heard. Patrovita and Rocca look down at him. Max sneers.

MAX
Just blow the place up, huh, Genuis?

ROCCA
(to Bauer)
What're you talking about?

BAUER
Bomb threat. When they get one they have to evacuate the building.

ROCCA
If they believe it. They get that shit all the time. How you gonna guarantee they bite?

BAUER
You make 'em nervous. Make 'em think somebody is trying to blow up every police station in the City.

There is quiet while Rocca and Patrovita consider. Max is livid. Finally Patrovita allows the smallest of smiles. He turns and looks from Rocca to Bauer.

92. *EXT. NINTH PRECINCT STATION - DAY* 92.

Police move in and out of the front door. A truck bearing vending machine provisions pulls to the curb and a spry, brightly smiling man in company uniform hops out, opens the back, pulls out his rack of candy bars and packaged snacks and heads inside.

93. INT. PRECINCT 93.

As the man passes the front desk the cop on duty raises his voice.

COP
Hey! Where you goin'?

DRIVER
Filling the vending machines.

COP
Where's Bobby?

(CONTINUED)

93. CONTINUED: 93.

DRIVER
(smiling and moving on)
That's what the boss would like to know. You guys bigger on potato or corn chips? The guys at the sixth don't touch the corn. Myself, I...

The cop at the desk has to pick up the phone. He gestures for the man to knock it off and do what he came to do.

COP
Ninth Precinct, Officer Moore...

94. EXT. THE NINTH PRECINCT - LATER 94.

The driver comes out, still jaunty and smiling, tosses his rack in the truck, gets behind the wheel and drives away.

Hold the shot of the front of the building for a couple seconds. Then a bomb inside goes off. Windows are shattered, screams are heard, a cop dazed by the detonation staggers out and stumbles on the steps. There is alot of smoke.

95. INT. NINTH PRECINCT - LATER 95.

Men are working to clear the debris. Forensic investigators go through the wreckage seeking evidence. Uniformed police operate all around trying to maintain the routine of the precinct in spite of the damage. Ryan is talking to a festidious looking man from the lab contingent.

RYAN
Doesn't look like it was meant to do much damage.

The lab man's name is BYRON and he is an austere man.

BYRON
There's always the chance the guy was a bad bomb maker. What are you doin' here, Harry?

RYAN
Hopin' some half-assed pro-life fish loving terrorists didn't do it so I can leave it in your able hands.

95. CONTINUED: 95.

Ryan bends down and runs his finger over something coating a chunk of broken wall. In the b.g. the district attorney, Daniel Forester, is approaching.

RYAN (cont)
(standing up)
Black powder...very crude.

FORESTER
How are you, Harry?

Forester and Ryan shake hands.

RYAN
Hey, Danny...gettin' a little better. How about you?

FORESTER
Complaining won't make any difference. What do you figure this was?

BYRON
(walking away)
He thinks somebody was mad at the vending machine. Could you two kibitz somewhere else... you're impeding criminal science...

RYAN
Sorry, professor...

Ryan and Forester walk casually toward the front door.

RYAN(cont)
How goes your Patrovita case?

FORESTER
Trying new angles everyday. He'll run out of options before we run out of patience.

RYAN
I already have.

FORESTER
Nobody can blame you. Somebody said they took you off his case.

RYAN
They only control so many of my hours a day. I'm on this 'til it's done.

(CONTINUED)

95. CONTINUED: 95.

FORESTER
He'll fall, Harry. I promise you. They all do eventually.

RYAN
Thanks, Danny, I appreciate it...but I've kinda lost my taste for the way our side works.

FORESTER
You up to something, Harry?

Ryan moves off toward the sunlit front door.

RYAN
See you, Danny.

FORESTER
Don't get yourself in any trouble, Harry.

Ryan just waves over his shoulder. Forester just shakes his head and walks back toward the center of the bomb blast.

96. INT. P.I.P. COPY SHOP - DAY 96.

TCU: The collection tray on the side of a Xerox machine. Copies of a PHOTO are sliding out and stacking neatly. It is the picture of Max, Rocca and Bauer from the party. Bauer's head has been circled. The machine stops and a pair of hands lifts out the stack of duplications.

ANGLE:

The stack being set on the counter in front of Max. He picks one up and examines the quality. The machine operator slides the glossy original on top of the other paper reproductions. Max is pleased.

97. EXT. RYAN'S SAFE HOUSE (OLD APT. BUILDING) - DAY 97.

A scaborous old blackened building in a bad part of town. Bauer pulls up in his car, parks, gets out, glances around and goes inside.

98. INT. RYAN'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY 98.

Small, barely furnished. This is the room where Harry Ryan has the answering machine rigged.

98. CONTINUED: 98.

Ryan is sitting there nursing a beer. Somebody raps on the door. He gets to his feet and moves cautiously, hand on his pistol.

RYAN
Who is it?

BAUER V.O.
Me.

Ryan opens the door, Bauer steps in quickly and it is shut.

BAUER
I only have a few minutes.

RYAN
That's all it'll take. Lamansky has you marked. You either have to dump the whole thing or spend a lot of time watching your back.

BAUER
They almost got me the other day.

RYAN
You were lucky. It was a coincidence. They weren't lookin' for you. They'd been in court earlier so nobody was carrying a gun...

BAUER
I wondered about that. It could all blow up. Patrovita is gonna get Lamansky. If he misses, you've got a war.

RYAN
As long as the right people are cut down, I don't give a shit.

BAUER
Patrovita wants the money and the dope the cops got when they raided him...he's gonna try and get it.

RYAN
You're kidding.

Bauer just drinks his beer.

(CONTINUED)

98. CONTINUED: 98.

RYAN (cont)
You know what happens if we stop it?

BAUER
Since I'm the new boy, they have to figure I'm a leak...

RYAN
(wry laugh)
We have to stop thinking like officers of the law. Let 'em have it. It's not what we're in this for. It's not what I'm after.

BAUER
What about Lamansky?

RYAN
Considering the way we're in this, there isn't a lot I can do.
(beat)
You gotta look out for yourself. You want out?

BAUER
No hard feelings?

RYAN
(trying hard to understand)
...it's your life.

BAUER
Kaminski was my life. This Joey Bauer has it better. Expensive clothes, nice car, lots of money and free time.

RYAN
You're gonna stay?

BAUER
I'm still not a millionaire.

RYAN
(appreciative smile)
Thanks.

They toast with their beer bottles.

99. INT. BAUER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 99.

Bauer has his pistol apart on the table. He is meticulously cleaning and re-assembling it. Monique is sitting beside him. She is distaught.

MONIQUE
At least tell me what happened.

BAUER
Nothing

MONIQUE
Then why do you want me to stay away?

BAUER
Because I don't want you here, okay? It's getting crowded.

MONIQUE
You're talking just like Tony did. And I left. You know how I found out he was dead? I saw it on TV in a hotel from out in Los Angeles.

BAUER
Was there a better way?

He has the gun back together. He begins to load.

MONIQUE
Why don't we both go?

BAUER
Just you.

MONIQUE
(starting to cry)
I won't go. There's never anything to come back to. I'm not going.

Bauer puts his arm around her and holds her close.

She cries. He holds her tighter, his expression displays his own sadness and uncertainty.

100. EXT. BAUER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 100.

There is a car outside waiting impatiently. Max is at the wheel, Dingo is in the back seat. Both have that wired air about them suggesting something dangerous is on the menu.

(CONTINUED)

100. CONTINUED: 100.

ANGLE:

Bauer exits the front of the building and walks to the car and climbs in without a word. Max jerks the car into gear and pulls away.

101. INT. MAX'S CAR - LATER 101.

They are driving to the synagogue.

BAUER
This is kind of sudden.

MAX
You don't work good on short notice?

BAUER
Nothin' works if it isn't thought out.

MAX
They're hitting the precinct in an hour. We're hittin' Lamansky as a "diversion". That was my idea. What'd you think?

BAUER
I'll let you know when it's over.

Max spits out a small, smug laugh and looks back at the road.

102. INT. TELEPHONE DISTRIBUTION STATION - DAY 102.

A man dressed in a jump suit is RE-ROUTING several pairs of transmission lines. When completed he picks up a walkie-talkie.

MAN #1
We're ready.

103. EXT. A VAN - DAY 103.

The van is parked on a side street in an ill-kept neighborhood. Lettering on the side reads, CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOMB DISPOSAL UNIT.

MAN #2 V.O.
Okay. Get out of here.

104. INT. THE VAN 104.

It is cramped. There are eight uniformed cops in special BOMB DISPOSAL garb. The bomb disposal chamber and a communications console. The man at the console dials a phone. It rings. A speaker in the console allows everyone in the van to hear the conversation.

SERGEANT V.O.
Third Precinct, Sergeant Heckler.

MAN #2
You've got a bomb in the building. It goes off in twenty-two minutes.

Man #2 cuts off the connection before the sergeant can respond. He hits a switch on the console and a static sound comes from another speaker.

MAN #2
(to the driver)
All right, everything is jammed.

105. INT. THIRD PRECINCT STATION - DAY 105.

The desk sergeant is on the phone.

SERGEANT
Hello! Hello! When did... Hello!

He slams down the phone and rushes to the open door of the Captain's office.

SERGEANT
We've got a bomb!

CAPTAIN
Call bomb disposal. Clear the building.

The sergeant pulls an alarm lever and the claxtion batters the ears. He picks up the phone and dials.

106. INT. A VAN - DAY 106.

Man #2 at the console. A phone rings. He picks it up.

MAN #2
Bomb Disposal.
(beat)
Evacuate and barricade a perimeter three hundred

(CONTINUED)

106. CONTINUED: 106.

MAN #2 (cont)
feet from the building.
We're on the way.

Man #2 disconnects and takes a WALKIE-TALKIE off the console. He triggers the transmitter.

MAN #2 (cont)
We're go.

107. INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY 107.

The car is parked halfway down the block from the synagogue that Lamansky visits. Dingo is in the back seat with a highpower rifle, equipped with a scope, resting on the window frame fixed on the front entrance of the temple. Max has a walkie-talkie in his hand.

MAX
So are we.

108. EXT. THIRD PRECINCT - DAY 108.

Everyone is outside and the whole area is cut by police barricades. Onlookers and police alike are on the far side watching the building with anticipation.

ANGLE:

The BOMB SQUAD TRUCK roaring up the street. The barricades are pulled back and the truck stops right in front of the building entrance.

Ten men pile out and unload the BOMB CHAMBER. The leader yells to the precinct cops to, "STAY BACK! KEEP EVERYONE AWAY!"

The "cops" haul their equipment into the precinct at a very rapid pace.

109. INT. THIRD PRECINCT 109.

Patrovita's cops rushing down the corridor with the bomb chamber. The man in the lead has the diagram prepared by Keller.

MAN
Down here!

Men drop off to cover the rear and see to it that they are not intruded upon.

110. EXT. THE SYNAGOGUE - DAY 110.

As the service ends a CROWD of people begins to wander out of the building. Lamansky is in the midst of them.

111. INT. MAX'S CAR 111.

Dingo is moving the muzzle of the rifle around trying to line up a clear shot, but having no luck.

DINGO
Shit. No way. Where the fuck did all those people come from?

MAX
Maybe they play bingo.

BAUER
You own a calendar, Max? Bet today's a Jewish holiday.

MAX
(losing it)
Shut up! We'll follow and take him where we can. He's dead!

112. INT. THIRD PRECINCT/BASEMENT 112.

Four men arrive with the chamber at the property and evidence VAULT. Two instantly begin to affix EXPLOSIVE CHARGES to the door.

MAN #3
Let's go!

MAN #2
We're right on!!

Two other men take the lid off the bomb chamber.

MAN #2
CLEAR!

Everybody ducks and Man #2 backs off with a small electronic detonator in one hand. He twists it and the door is blown loose.

113. EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRECINCT 113.

The explosion is heard. The sergeant turns to the captain.

(CONTINUED)

113. CONTINUED: 113.

SERGEANT
It went off! Should we go in?

CAPTAIN
Not without an all clear. Keep everybody away.

114. EXT. THE SYNAGOGUE - DAY 114.

Lamansky's limo has pulled away from the curb and moves along the street. As it passes an open alleyway, Max's car pulls out and follows.

115. INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY 115.

Max is following Lamansky at a long interval.

MAX
We get out of traffic, I'm gonna run him off the road.

BAUER
That car's a lot heavier than this one.

MAX
It won't matter if you hit the driver.

Max picks up speed.

116. EXT. STREET/NEARER LAKE - DAY 116.

The limo turns onto a street that has little traffic. Max steps hard on the gas and starts to pull out to come along side.

117. INT. LAMANSKY'S LIMO - DAY 117.

The driver catches sight of the car closing in his side view mirror.

DRIVER
(hollering back)
We got somebody coming fast on the left.

Lamansky turns and looks out the back window. The bodyguards with him lift their guns from their holsters.

LAMANSKY
Let's move!

118. EXT. THE STREET 118.

The limo windows come down as the huge car picks up speed. One of the bodyguards fires at Max's car.

119. INT. MAX'S CAR 119.

A bullet rips into the hood. Max becomes maniacal. He pushes the gas the rest of the way to the floor and veers toward the limo.

MAX
Fuck them!

Dingo puts down his rear window and pours semi-automatic rifle fire at the other car.

120. EXT. THE STREET 120.

The two cars barreling down the street, each on the opposite side, Max going into oncoming traffic, firing wildly at one another. Bullets ripping into each car, metal tearing, glass shattering, but no single shot fatal to either passenger or vehicle.

ANGLE:

Another car approaching. The driver ducks as the two dog-fighting cars pass on either side, slugs eminating from both tearing his car to bits.

ANGLE:

His bewildered head warily peeking up after the two cars have passed. His vehicle is shot to hell.

ANGLE:

The two cars sliding around a corner, gunfire from both tearing into the other.

121. INT. MAX'S CAR 121.

Max deliberately swings close to the rear window of Lamansky's limo to give one of the bodyguards a clearer shot at Bauer. Bullets rip through the interior, Bauer ducks down, the dash is ripped to shreds, Bauer comes back up and fires twice hitting the other man, driving him back into the limo. Bauer turns the gun and points it at Max.

BAUER
YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE?

Max swings the car away from the limo.

122. EXT. THE HEAD OF THE NAVY PIER - DAY 122.

As the limo comes into the opening, Max hits it hard on the left side forcing the driver to turn onto the pier to keep from losing control of the car. Max is right after him.

ANGLE:

The two cars racing toward the lake end of the pier. Errant bullets ripping into the warehouse doors on either side of the wide paved aisle.

123. INT. LAMANSKY'S LIMO 123.

Two bodyguards are dead and sprawled on the floor. Lamansky and the other are firing feverishly at Max and company. The driver can see the end of the pier coming up fast.

DRIVER
WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF ROAD!

LAMANSKY
RUN HIM INTO THE WALL!

Lamansky fires wildly.

124. INT. MAX'S CAR 124.

Dingo catches a bullet in the head and goes down. The big limo heaves toward the car forcing Max far to one side.

BAUER
HIT THE BRAKE!

Max slams on the brakes, the limo flies past. Max's car slides sideways stopping with it broadside across the road, Bauer's window facing the retreating rear end of the limo. He lets go three shots. They hit the now exposed gas tank. As the limo slams into wall at the far end it erupts into a ball of fire.

ANGLE:

Bauer leaning on the window frame looking at the flaming wreck, an uncertain look in his eyes, his gun still smoking in his hand.

125. INT. THE BASEMENT (POLICE PRECINCT) 125.

The four men are stuffing the heroin and money from the vault into the bomb chamber. They move at a frantic but well organized pace.

(CONTINUED)

125. CONTINUED: 125.

MAN
COME ON! OUTTA HERE!

They shut the top of the chamber and struggle to get it moving. They start back upstairs.

126. EXT. THIRD PRECINCT 126.

The "bomb squad" rushing out with the bomb chamber.

CAPTAIN
(hollering from a distance)
All clear?

MAN
There are two! We're gettin' this one outta here! Stay clear 'til we're loaded!

They hurriedly load the chamber then they all climb in the truck.

The driver kicks the engine to life and the truck arcs across the street. The man holds his hand out the window and gives the Captain a THUMBS UP wave. As the truck roars away, the cops pull the barricades aside and start back inside.

127. INT. AIRPORT COCKTAIL LOUNGE/O'HARE - NIGHT 127.

It is half full. It is late at night. Red-eye travelers lean over full ashtrays and empty glasses. Max and a portly, red-faced man face each other across the ninety degree bend near the end of the bar. There is a sheet of paper on the bar beneath the hand of the man we will call TRAGER. The paper has creases where it had been folded for sometime.

TRAGER
I don't know who the hell he is. I never seen him before.

MAX
No mistake?

TRAGER
Come on. Three years ago I busted Joey Bauer twice in two weeks.

(CONTINUED)

127. CONTINUED: 127.

ANGLE:

To reveal one of the duplicates of the party picture that Max had made. Bauer's face has been circled.

TRAGER(cont)
And that ain't him.

ANGLE:

Max and Trager.

MAX
Know where he is?

TRAGER
I heard South America.

MAX
(handing him a packet of money)
When you go back to Miami?

TRAGER
In an hour. We got a charity softball game with Dade County Sheriff's in the morning.

MAX
Cops against cops. You leave me nobody to root for.

They smile, shake hands and Max exits. Trager puts away the money and goes back to his drink.

128. INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT 128.

We are in the "inventory" section. Coffins stand for display, made to look secure and inviting to the reluctant buyer. The light falls in small pools and those in the room move in and out of view. Patrovita stands in light talking to a man lost in shadows. Max stands soldierly in the b.g.

PATROVITA
(very angry)
What the fuck you doin' for the money? Somebody got somebody inside! He's walkin' all over the joint, he's been in my house, he could be bangin' my wife for Christ's sake! Max finds this out on his own so what the hell do I need you for?

(CONTINUED)

128. CONTINUED: 128.

PATROVITA(cont)
And now you're telling me you think this bureau jerk is tryin' to take me apart on his own time because his kid got smacked when we took Marcellino. What's the good news??

ANGLE:

The man he is demeaning slowly moves to one side and his face falls under the light. It is Forester.

FORESTER
(anxiously)
...I had a friend at the bureau check Ryan's case files. Whatever he is doing is unofficial... there aren't any records... if he were killed there's be no direct connection to you.

PATROVITA
That's the good new, huh? So who's gonna do it? You?

MAX
Bauer.

Patrovita pauses, his expression softens. He turns slowly and offers Max an appreciative nod.

FORESTER
...I think I better get goin'.

PATROVITA
Yeah? Where? Canada? Mexico? You don't get out of my sight until this is over and done. If you did some serious damage to my organization...I want to know where I can get my hands on you...

Patrovita steps back into the dark leaving Forester alone in a shaft of light with a highly waxed coffin just behind him.

129. INT. BAUER'S APARTMENT - MORNING 129.

The inside of the front door. Somebody out in the hall knocks impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

129. CONTINUED: 129.

BAUER V.O.
Hold on!

Bauer steps up to the door in just his trousers, his pistol in hand.

BAUER (cont)
Yeah?

MAX V.O.
It's Max. Open up.

Bauer pulls the door open and Max steps in without waiting to be invited.

BAUER
What's going on?

MAX
Sal ordered an encore of the other day...you could say, we're a hit. Get your shit.

BAUER
Who is it?

MAX
Donald Duck. Come on, let's go.

Bauer walks back into the bedroom.

130. INT. BAUER'S BEDROOM 130.

Monique is sitting on the edge of the bed pulling on her robe. Bauer quickly gets into his shirt, grabs his gun, etc.

MONIQUE
Who is it?

BAUER
Max.

MONIQUE
Where you going?

Bauer takes his car keys out of his pocket and tosses them in her lap.

BAUER
Take my car. Go home.

(CONTINUED)

130. CONTINUED: 130.

MONIQUE
I'd rather stay...

Bauer cuts her off.

BAUER
Do as I say. I got a feeling my ass is hanging out and I've gotta better chance of saving it alone.

Bauer grabs his shoes off the floor and sits on the bed. Monique gets up and eases toward the door.

131. INT. THE LIVING ROOM 131.

Max is standing there by the couch where all her clothes are strewn. Obviously the spoils of impatient, passionate love-making. He lifts her panties with a single finger.

MAX
(coldly)
...looks like the last supper.

Bauer enters the room pulling on his jacket headed for the door.

BAUER
Let's go.

Bauer opens the door and Max exits first.

MONIQUE
See you later.

Bauer walks out without responding. Monique glances uncertainly around the room then at the car keys in her hand.

132. INT. MAX'S CAR - MORNING 132.

It is parked at the curb a few store fronts down from a small breakfast diner. Max is out of the car. Bauer is in the front seat by the passenger window and a sallow man with deep eyes sits in the back loading a sawed off pump shot gun. His name is WALKER.

(CONTINUED)

132. CONTINUED: 132.

ANGLE:

Max comes around from the far side of the diner and comes toward the car at a brisk pace. He leans down at Bauer's window.

MAX
He's paying right now. Let's go.

BAUER
You gonna tell me who he is?

Max jerks open the car door.

MAX
A cop. Just a fuckin' cop.

Walker jumps out and makes his way quickly down the street so he is on the other side of the diner so the victim will be caught in a crossfire.

ANGLE:

Max stands beside the car and Bauer starts walking warily up the street toward the diner. He glances at Walker ahead of him and Max behind. As his head turns back front he catches sight of somebody coming out of the diner. He pulls his gun before he realizes it is Ryan.

BAUER
Harry...

MAX
Kill him!

Ryan reaches for his gun.

RYAN
(to Max)
Fuck you!

Max gets off a shot that hits Ryan in the shoulder. Walker steps out behind Ryan and starts to fire. Bauer shoots Walker twice. The man with the shotgun falls but reflexively fires repeatedly, blowing holes in the diner window and a car window as he dies. Bauer drops down as Ryan squeezes off another shot at Max who fires back hitting the already wounded man in the stomach.

(CONTINUED)

132. CONTINUED: 132.

Max then fires once at Bauer who rolls over, avoiding the shot, then pulls off two more rounds hitting Max in the chest and driving him back ten feet before he falls dead on the pavement.

ANGLE:

Bauer moves quickly to where Ryan lays bleeding.

BAUER
Harry, I didn't know it was you.

RYAN
It's okay...get outa here...

BAUER
I'll get an ambulance.

RYAN
Mark...it'll come. Go on... if the cops take you and I don't make it...you'll be years talking your way out of it...go on...

In the distance sirens close on the scene. People are in the streets and leaning out of windows.

BAUER
(reluctantly)
Listen, Harry...listen! Don't die. Okay?

Ryan tried to smile. He waves Bauer away with his hand.

BAUER(cont)
I'll see you, Harry.

ANGLE:

Bauer runs to Max's car and rips open the driver's door.

ANGLE:

The ignition. The keys are gone.

ANGLE:

Bauer hesitates for a second. The sirens are closing. He starts to run to Max's body to search for the keys when a car screeches around the corner at the far

(CONTINUED)

132. CONTINUED: 132.

intersection. It's Bauer's Cadillac, Monique at the wheel, eating up the pavement at a frantic speed. Bauer steps back into the floor, slides to a stops and Bauer scrambles in. The tires burn with dark grey smoke as Monique puts her foot to the floor.

133. INT. THE CADILLAC 133.

Monique drives wildly, turning down a side street and then cutting into an alley.

BAUER
What the hell are you doing here?

MONIQUE
(with a smile)
Saving your ass!

134. EXT. THE ALLEY 134.

The Cadillac screams down the narrow alley, bashing trash cans and throwing up a curtain of dust and debris. At the first street it turns suddenly right, accelerates and disappears.

135. EXT. CROWN PLAZA HOTEL - DAY 135.

The Cadillac slides to a stop at the front entrance. Bauer is now at the wheel.

136. INT. THE CADILLAC 136.

Bauer leans over and shoves open the passenger door.

BAUER
Pack what you can't live without. Get to the Rock Falls airport and charter a plane.

MONIQUE
Where are you going?

BAUER
To do what an old friend asked me to.

MONIQUE
What?

BAUER
Knock 'em dead.

(CONTINUED)

136. CONTINUED: 136.

He slams the door, hits the gas and roars away from the hotel.

137. INT. BAUER'S APARTMENT 137.

TCU: The interior of the closet. There is a SUIT BAG hanging on the pole open to its full length. Bauer's hand reaches in and takes it off the rack.

ANGLE:

Bauer, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, hiking boots on his feet, sweat bands on both wrists and an ammo belt around his waist un-zips the bag.

Inside there are weapons mounted by straps and hooks to the leather. An UZI, a sawed off PUMP SHOTGUN and two matched large bore automatic pistols with extra long barrels.

ANGLE:

Bauer checks to be sure each is loaded. He stuffs the weapons and extra ammo in a canvas bag, lifts it off the bed and in a single violent move kicks the door off its hinges and storms out.

138. INT. THE HOSPITAL 138.

The lobby. There are security people and doctors and other personnel moving around. Bauer slips in discreetly. Looks at the crowd waiting at the bank of elevators and walks to the information desk. We see him ask a question, receive his answer and then seek out the STAIRWELL.

139. INT. STAIRWELL 139.

Bauer jogging up from landing to landing, take the steps two and three at a time.

140. INT. HOSPITAL/8TH FLOOR - DAY 140.

Stairwell door opens, Bauer looks out, then moves along the corridor to the door he seeks. He goes inside.

141. INT. RYAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 141.

He is hooked up to monitors and plasma, etc. but is awake, though somewhat sedated. Bauer is sitting at his side.

(CONTINUED)

141. CONTINUED: 141.

RYAN
(tears in his eyes)
...they won...the bastards won...

BAUER
It's not over, Harry.

RYAN
It is for me...

BAUER
Tell me that when you're up and around.

RYAN
...I'll be around, that's all...that slug was notched. It broke up and took out my spine...

Bauer doesn't know what to say. Slowly, grimly, he gets to his feet. Ryan takes a plastic packet of papers off the bedside table and extends it to Bauer.

RYAN(cont)
I knew you'd come by...had Helen bring this...I'd made it up a few weeks ago.

Bauer takes it. Understands what it is at a glance and puts it in this back pocket.

BAUER
I'll let you know where I end up...you and Helen are going to come visit. And I'm holding twenty-five thousand dollars of your money...

RYAN
You gettin' out now?

Bauer stoically twists his head negatively.

RYAN (cont)
You can't do anything now... they know about you...you're dead...get out, kid...call me from somewhere.

Bauer lays a comforting hand on Ryan's arm.

(CONTINUED)

141. CONTINUED: 141.

BAUER
I'll see ya, Harry.

Bauer turns and heads for the door.

RYAN
Do what I'm telling you, Mark. Get away from here...

Bauer is out the door and gone. Ryan stares after him.

RYAN (cont)
(emotional mutter)
...get 'em, kid. Kill the mother-fuckers.

There are tears of pain and rage in his eyes.

142. INT. BAUER'S CADILLAC - DAY 142.

He is driving down the long, straight, narrow road leading to the gate of the gravel pit. He pulls over to the gate of the gravel pit. He pulls over to one side. He sets himself. He lowers all the windows. Then he lifts the Uzi and blasts out the windshield, completely.

143. EXT. THE GRAVEL PIT - DAY 143.

A sentry posted high atop one of the long conveyors hears shots in the distance, grabs his walkie-talkie and barks to somebody on the other end.

SENTRY
Hey! Hear that? I thought it was shots.

ANGLE:

Another sentry lying on his stomach at the top of a mountain of crushed gravel.

SENTRY #2
I don't see nothin'.

144. EXT. THE ROAD 144.

The Cadillac, without a windshield is flying toward the front gates. Bauer at the wheel, a ferocity in his face that bespeaks his unwillingness to fail or die.

(CONTINUED)

145. EXT. THE GRAVEL PIT 145.

ANGLE:

Sentry number one seeing the car racing towards them.

SENTRY #1
(walkie-talkie)
We got company.

146. INT. STEEL SHED/GRAVEL PIT - DAY 146.

There are half a dozen armed men working in the small space. Cutting and bagging the heroin. The several million dollars in cash is in a sack on the floor. The top is open so the cash can be seen. The man in charge barks into the walkie-talkie.

MAN
KILL IT!
(to the men around him)
Outside and spread out in case we got some trouble.

The men grab their weapons and rush out the front spreading in all directions.

147. EXT. GRAVEL PIT 147.

Sentry #1 waves his arms at the oncoming car, trying to get his attention.

ANGLE:

Inside the car, still coming fast over the dusty truck road, Bauer lifts the Uzi, lets a burst go out the front and blows the man off the conveyor. He falls to the mountain of dirt below.

ANGLE:

All the men spread around the huge open compound start firing at the speeding, sliding, charging car.

ANGLE:

Bauer returning fire. Spinning the car around, firing from one open window then another. The back window is blown out as he makes a pass at the steel shed. As he cuts away he fires back through the broken window and kills the man who did.

BAUER
Thanks, asshole!

(CONTINUED)

147. CONTINUED: 147.

ANGLE:

Bauer leaping onto the loading dock and firing the pump shotgun as fast as it will operate. The two remaining men are shot full on in the chest and heaved to different parts of the room. The gunfire has blown open several sacks of heroin and torn into the sack of money. Both the dust and the bills swirl in the air around Bauer along with the acrid gun smoke. He stands stock still for a few seconds taking it all in. The perverse spoils. Then his head whips around to the growling sound of the Terex engine.

BAUER'S POV: The Terex is coming straight at the shed from across the open compound. It is moving at high speed. It will destroy the shed and kill Bauer.

ANGLE:

Bauer coolly removing the pistol from his belt, taking deliberate aim with two hands and finally squeezing off a single shot.

ANGLE:

The driver's maniacal face through the dirty windshield. A single bullet bores a clean hole through the glass and the driver's head. He drops from sight.

ANGLE:

With his foot off the gas the truck begins to slow.

BAUER'S POV: The truck still coming right at him, but now with the sound and character of a wounded animal.

It finally coughs to a stop as the front bangs lightly against the loading dock. It dies.

ANGLE:

Bauer standing with the shotgun in hand, dust, paper money, heroin, gun smoke and death all around him.

148. INT. CLUB 51 - DAY 148.

Patrovita, Rocca and Forester are there along with a dozen bodyguards, all heavily armed. There are no patrons, no gamblers, no club staff. The air is tense, men nervously check their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED: 149.

ANGLE:

Pedestrians and other vehicles scurrying out of the way.

ANGLE:

Bauer at the wheel. The mother-fucker is boiling down the street on a righteous, unalterable course.

ANGLE:

Bauer slams on the air brakes and the huge truck stops in the street just opposite the Rolls-Royce. Bauer climbs out with his weapons and a sack not unlike Santa's. The valet watches anxiously.

ANGLE:

Bauer walks to the Rolls, opens the rear door and heaves the sack inside. He slams the door and turns to the fluttering valet.

BAUER
(cold, ominous)
I'll only be a minute.

The valet just nods and stands by the Rolls driver's door. Bauer heads inside the building.

150. INT. CLUB 51 (EXT. ELEVATOR) - DAY 150.

Bauer moves to the elevator and pushes the button. The light doesn't come on. A custodian in the lobby informs him.

CUSTODIAN
The club is locked off.

BAUER
Thanks.

Bauer turns, aims the shotgun at the elevator button and blows it out of the wall. The doors obediently slide open. Bauer steps in. The doors close. The custodian runs out of the building.

151. INT. CLUB 51 - DAY 151.

Everyone is taking cover having heard the shot from above.

PATROVITA
Get him while he's still on the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

152. *CONTINUED:* 152.

ROCCA
What do we do?

PATROVITA
Call the cops!

ROCCA
What?

PATROVITA
Call!

Rocca grabs the phone.

153. INT. CLUB 51 - DAY 153.

Bauer sees the line LIGHT blink on the wall phone behind the bar. He turns and with a single shot obliterates the phone.

BAUER
(hollering to office)
COME ON DOWN!

ROCCA V.O.
What if we come without guns?

BAUER
You're dead either way!

There is a pause and then Rocca and Patrovita burst through the door at the top of the stairs simultaneously, their guns spitting fire. Bauer calmly holds his ground at the bottom and methodically pumps away, blowing them both away. They fall forward, tumble down the steps and land at his feet.

There is the sound of a man sniveling as the echo of gunfire recedes. Bauer turns. Near the center of the room Forester sits on the floor trying one pistol after another. He puts it to his head and pulls the trigger. Each is empty. He tosses it across the room like a petulant child having a tantrum. He can't stop crying. He goes through three different guns before Bauer's shadow falls across him.

BAUER
(with disdain)
...anyway you want it.

Bauer steps past Forester, bends down to pick up another pistol from a dead man's hand. Checks the cylinder and finds it is still loaded. He closes it, tosses it in Forester's lap and continues on toward the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTINUED: 155.

Bauer heaves the sack into the plane.

MONIQUE
What's that?

BAUER
Whatever you want. Get in.

Monique climbs in. As Bauer starts to follow he is distracted by the sound of a *HELICOPTER* right above his head. He looks up.

ANGLE:

Baker's chopper settling to the ground just off to one side of the plane. Baker steps out and walks over to Bauer.

BAKER
No "good-bye"?

BAUER
I was in a hurry.

Baker looks him up and down. The cuts, the dirt, the blood, the powder burns.

BAKER
I don't know why the hell you did what you did, to be truthful, I don't give a shit...a hundred years of police work in a single afternoon...I appreciate it, but, as much as I'd like to, I gotta try and prevent your leaving...

Baker is almost affable. He is seeking a way out of this. A way to do his duty and not.

BAUER
You sure I'm who you think I am? Because I don't know what you're talking about.

Bauer has the same why humor to his tone and expression.

BAKER
I'm looking for Joey Bauer.

Bauer reaches in his pocket and pulls out the packet Ryan had given him in the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTINUED: 155.

BAUER
Must be a guy who looks just like me...my name is Weber... Jacob Weber.

Baker looks at the identification. Passport, birth certificate, it's all there. He hands it back.

BAKER
...sorry, Mr. Weber. But you're right...there is an amazing physical resemblance...

BAUER
(looking at him thankfully)
...it's all right.

The two men exchange a long, fraternal gaze then Baker extends his hand.

BAKER
Take care of yourself.

They shake hands warmly.

BAUER
...thanks.

Bauer climbs into the plane, the door shuts, the engines rev and immediately the plane is moving down the runway.

ANGLE:

Baker standing alone watching the plane veer off as it leaves the ground and banks into the evening sky.

He walks to the chopper, gets in and it lifts off.

ANGLE:

Bauer's plane flying into the setting sun.

THE END